The Little Pigs.

composed by Alexander Lee.

No. 12.

Allegretto.

Treble. Our little pigs lie on very good straw, Straw, * aw, + aw, shin dan diddle

Tenor. Our little pigs lie on very good straw, Straw, * aw, + aw, shin dan diddle

Base.

Piano Forte.

daw. Our little pigs lie on very good straw, Lilli-bul-le-ro, lilli-bul-le-ro,

daw. little pigs lie on very good straw, Straw, * aw, + aw, * aw +

* In imitation of the grunt of a pig.

+ Whistle the note instead of singing it.

lilli-bul. le = = ro, lilli = = bul. le-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man.

aw, * aw, + lilli-bullero, My dad was a bonny wee man.

8

Man, * an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

Man, * an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

2d verse.

Our little pigs eat the best of prates, prates * ates, + ates, shin dan diddle

Our little pigs eat the best of prates, prates * ates, + ates, shin dan diddle

dates; Our little pigs eat the best of prates, Lilli-bulle-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro,

dates; little pigs eat the best of prates, prates * ates, + ates, * ates, +

lil-li-bulle-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man. Man, *

ates * ates, + lil-li-bul-le-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man. Man *

an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

3d verse.

Our little pigs make the best of bacon, bacon, * acon, + acon, shin dan diddle

Our little pigs make the best of bacon, bacon, * acon, + acon, shin dan diddle

dacon; Our little pigs make the best of bacon, Lil-li-bul-le-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro,

dacon; little pigs make the best of bacon, Bacon, * acon, + acon * acon +

lillibul-le-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man. Man, *

acon, * acon, + lil-li-bul-le-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man. Man, *

an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

Volti.

4th verse.

And there's an end of our little song, Song * ong + ong, shin dan diddle

And there's an end of our little song Song, * ong, + ong, shin dan diddle

dong; And there's an end of our little song, Lilli-bul-le-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro,

dong; there's an end of our little song, Song, * ong, + ong * ong +

lillibullero, lillibulle-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man. Man, *

ong, * ong + lil-li-bul-le-ro, My dad was a bonny wee man. Man, *

an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

The little Pigs. arranged for four voices.

Allegretto

Contra.

Our little pigs lie on very good straw, Straw, eor aw, phit aw, shin dan diddle daw; Our

1st Tenor.

2d Tenor.

Our little pigs lie on very good straw, Straw, eor aw, phit aw, shin dan diddle daw;

Base.

little pigs lie on very good straw, Lilli bul-le-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro, lilli-bul-le-ro, lilli-bul-le-ro, My

lilli-bul-le-ro, lil-li-bul-le-ro, lil-li-bo, lil-li-bo,

little pigs lie on very good straw, Straw* aw, + aw, * aw, + aw, * aw, + lil-li-bul-le-ro, My

dad was a bonny wee man. Man, * an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

dad was a bonny wee man. Man, * an, + an, shin dan diddle dan, My dad was a bonny wee man.

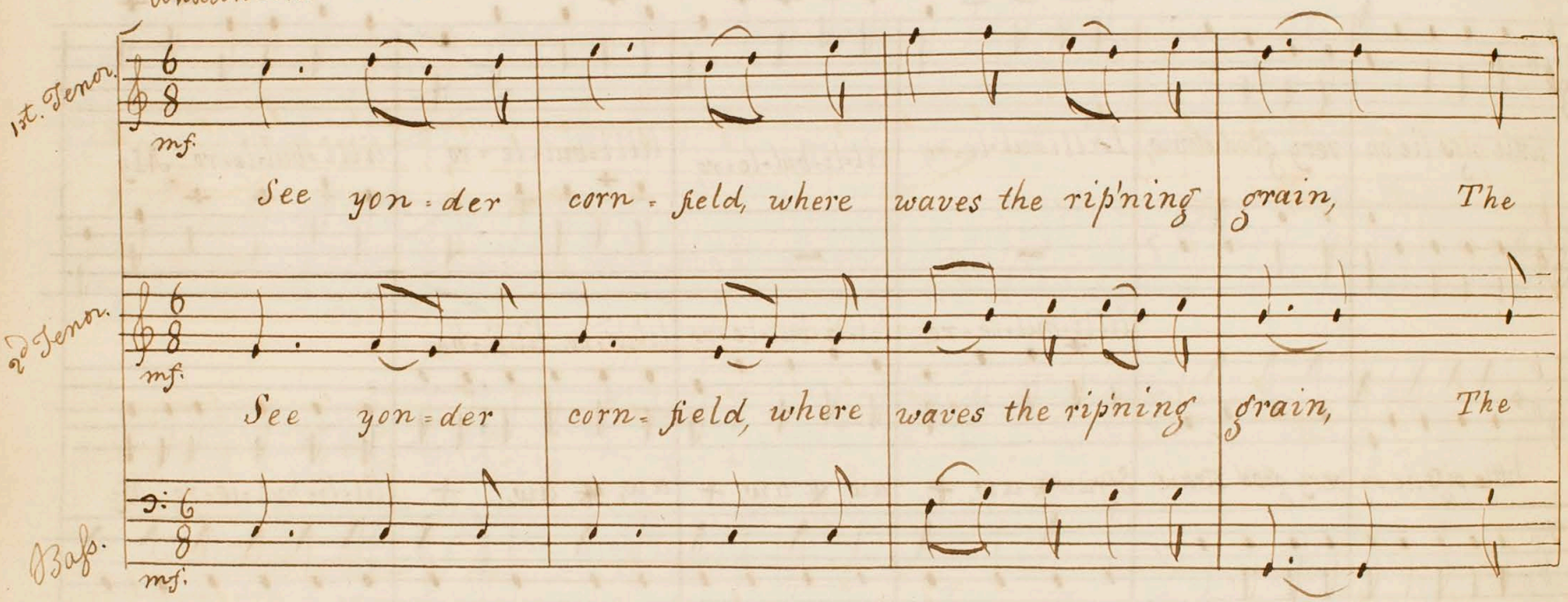
Crows in a corn-field.

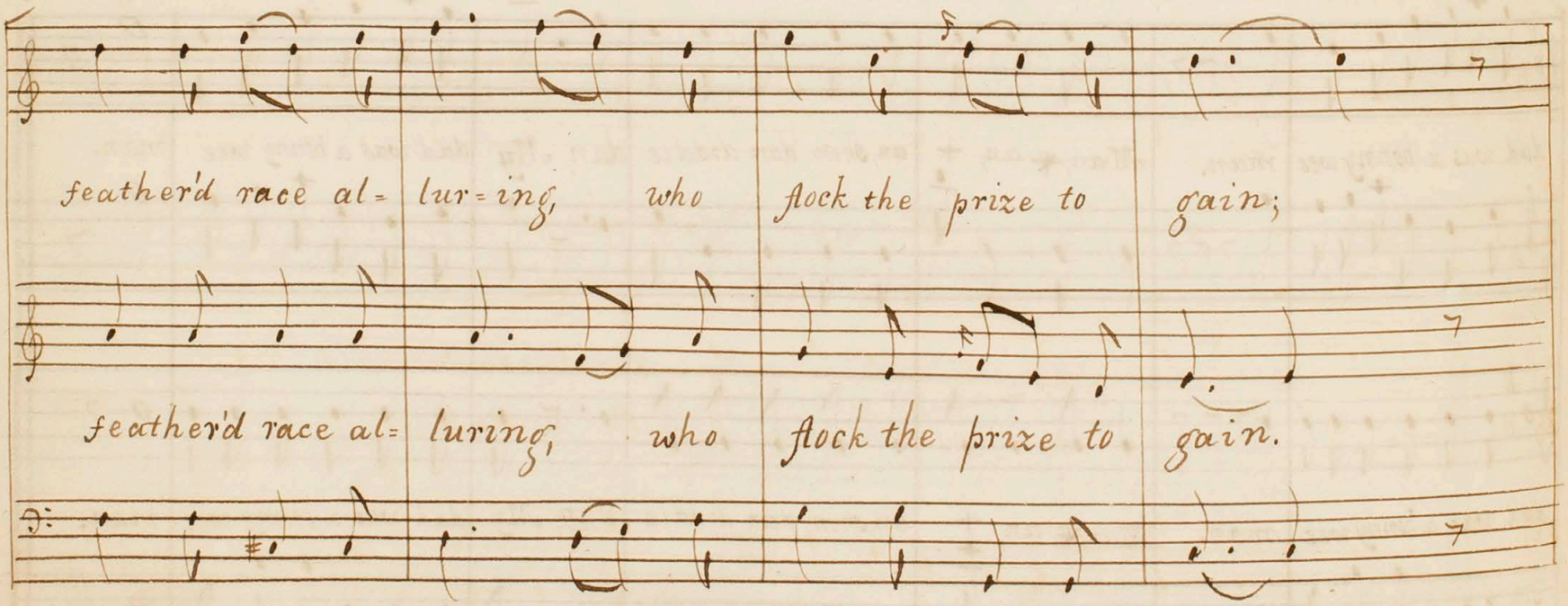
Composed by T. Phillips.

No. 13.

The three principal staves in the key of "C" present the original arrangement for two Tenors and a Bass. If a contra-alto voice sings the first part, the glee had better be sung a note higher, (in D major). The small stave above the first line, is intended for the accommodation of Soprano voices not extending above "F." The second line may then be sung either by a soprano or a tenor, and by observing these directions, the Glee is equally suitable to ladies or gentlemen.

Andantino Pastorale.





p.

See yon= der corn=field, where waves the rip'ning grain, The

p.

See yonder corn=field, where waves the rip'ning grain, The

p.

feather'd race al= lur= ing, who flock the prize to gain, ---- The

feather'd race al= luring, who flock the prize to gain, ---- The

cres.

f.

feather'd race al= lur= ing, who flock the prize to gain.

cres.

f.

feather'd race al= lur= = ing, who flock the prize to gain.

f.

V. S.

Allegro piu parlante.

Now careless, hopping, fly - - ing, a young crow light and gay, So

Now careless, hopping, fly - ing, a young crow light and gay, So

careless, light, and gay he hops, he hops, so

careless, light, and gay he hops, so careless, light, and gay he hops, so

careless, light, and gay he hops, so careless, light, and gay, ----- so

f.

careless, light, and gay he hops, so careless, light, and gay, --- so

f.

f.

Espressivo.

careless, light, and gay, While cautious, peeping, prying,

Espressivo.

p.

careless, light, and gay, While cautious, peeping, prying, prying,

While pry-ing,

V.S.

Two old crows sage and grey, A man and gun es= pying, Now spying With timely warning

A man and gun now spying With timely warning

say, "Don't go there! Don't go there!

espressivo

"Why not? why not? why

you'll be shot, you'll be

not? why not? why not? why not? why not? I don't

shot, you'll be shot, you'll be shot, you'll be shot, you'll be shot!

p.

care, I don't care, I don't

p.

Don't go there!

p.

care, I don't care, I don't

don't go there!

care, I don't

don't go

care, I don't care, I don't

there!

mf.

don't go there!

mf.

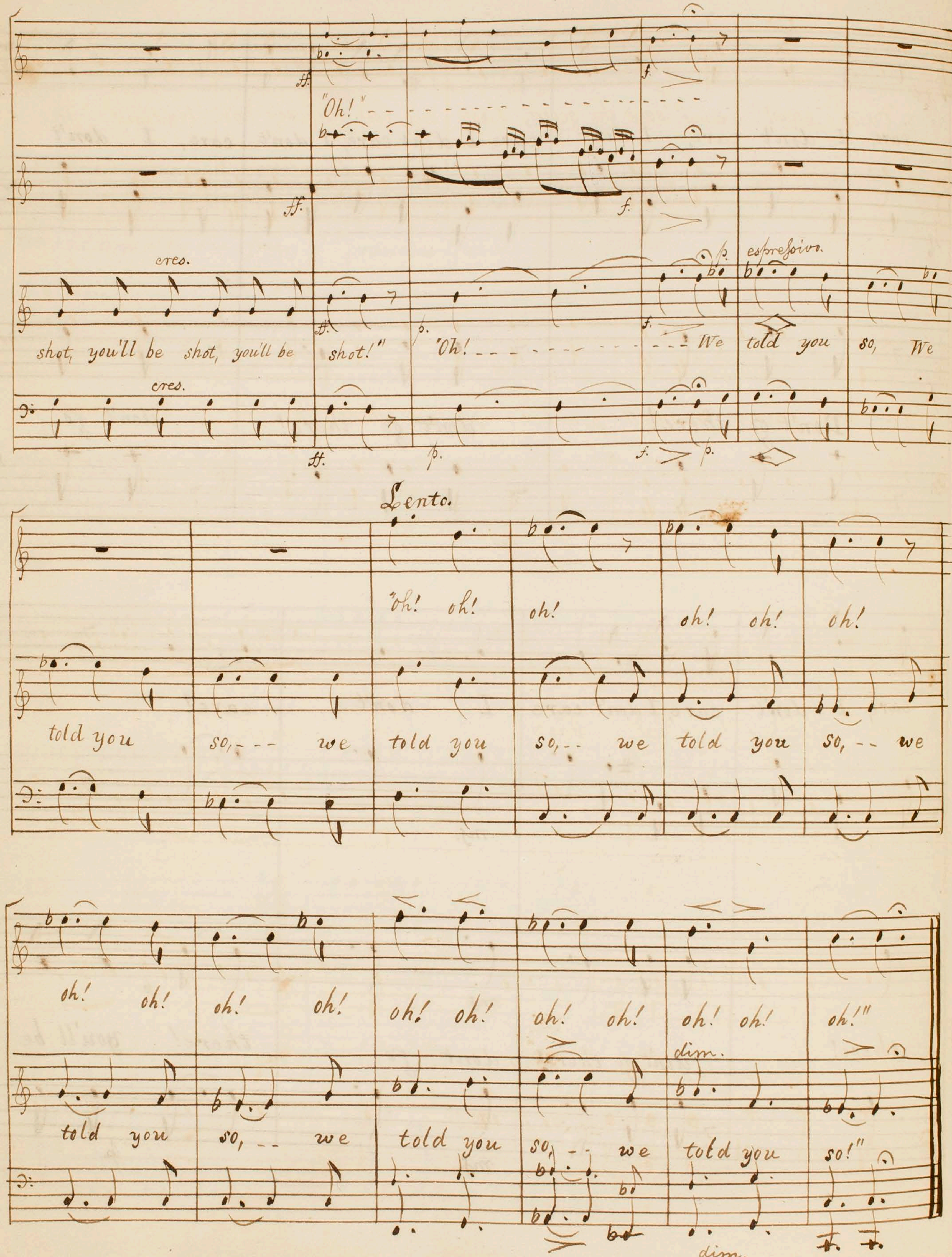
I don't

mf.

care!

there! you'll be

p.


"Oh!"
cres.
espressivo.
shot, you'll be shot, you'll be shot!" "Oh! We told you so, We
cres.
Lento.
"oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
told you so, we told you so, we told you so, we
oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!"
dim.
told you so, we told you so, we told you so!"
dim.

Più allegro.

Second voice.

mf.

"Caw! caw! caw!" says the scout, "Look out, look out, see, he's loading his gun a= gain; We smell powder, my lad, we're not to be had,

Bass.

mf.

p.

'Tis all but labor in vain, in vain,

'Tis all but labor in vain, in vain,

V. S.

'Tis all but labor in vain, in vain,

'Tis all but labor in vain, in vain,

Lo entando.

'Tis all but labor in vain, all! all! all!

Lo entando.

Lo entando.

'Tis all but labor in vain, all! all! all!

Lo entando.

Tempo primo.

All, all in vain you try "old birds to catch with

All, all in vain you try "old birds to catch with

chaff," We're out of your shot, you stupid old

chaff," We're out of your shot, you stupid old

sot, and at you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha!

sot, and at you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha!

V. S.

Accelerando al fine.

mf.

All, all in vain you try "old birds to catch with

mf.

All, all in vain you try "old birds to catch with

mf.

chaff," We're out of your shot, you stupid old sot, and at

chaff," We're out of your shot, you stupid old sot, and at

you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha! at you and your gun we

f.

f.

you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha! at you and your gun we

f.

laugh, ha! ha! at you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha! ha!

laugh, ha! ha! at you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha! ha!

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Caw! caw! caw!

f.

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Caw! caw! caw!

f.

Mary, awake.

a Duet, composed, and inscribed to Miss Jane Flenning, by M. Vertue.

No. 14

Andante.

pp.

Slentando.

p.

pp.

S.

verse 1. The moon shines softly over the sea, Mary, awake, Mary, awake,

verse 2. On rapid wing the mo - ments fly, " " " " The

p.

Sil=ver=ing hill, and tow'r, and tree, Mary, awake, Mary, awake.
dawn is streaking o'er the sky, " " " "

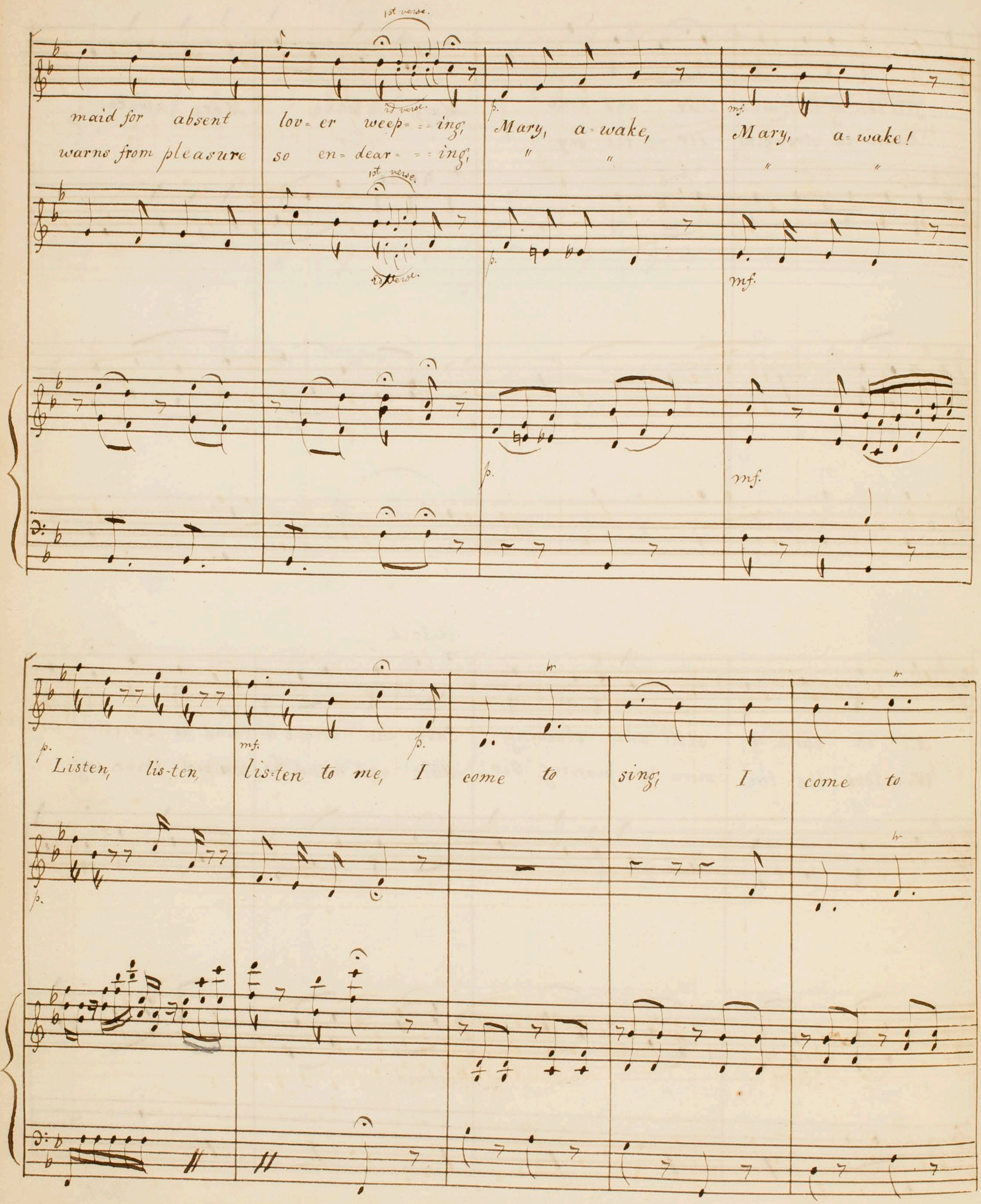
All on earth is still and sleeping, Save the breeze a= round us sweeping, Or
Wake, love, ere the morn ap= pear=ing, O'er dale and mead the pros=pect cheer=ing, ----

up

Ritard.

Ritard.

Volti.


1st verse.
2d verse.
maid for absent lov-er weep-ing,
warns from pleasure so en-dear-ing,
Mary, a-wake, Mary, a-wake!
1st verse.
2d verse.
p.
mf.
Listen, lis-ten, lis-ten to me, I come to sing, I come to

Accelerando.

sing, I come to sing of love to thee, I come to sing of

love to thee.

f.

No. 15.

Andantino esp.

When Time, who steals our years away.

words and melody by T. Moore,
harmonized by E. Phelps.

Soprano. When time, who steals our years a-way, Shall steal our pleasures too, ---- The

Alto. shall steal our pleasures too,

Tenor. When time, who steals our years a-way, Shall steal, shall steal our pleasures too, The

Bass.

Legato.

mem'ry of the past will stay, And half our joys re-new. Then,

mem'ry of the past will stay, And half our joys re- new. Then,

Chloe, when thy beauty's flow'r Shall feel the wintry air, Re-

Shall feel, shall feel the wintry air,

Chloe, when thy beau-ty's flow'r Shall feel, shall feel the wintry air, Re-

membrance will re-cal the hour, When thou a-lone wert fair; ------

Relentando.

When thou, when thou a-lone wert fair;

membrance will re-cal the hour, When thou, when thou a-lone wert fair;

When thou a-lone wert fair; ------

Relentando.

Volti.

pp.

Then talk no more of future gloom, Our joys shall always last, mf. For

pp.

mf.

pp.

Then talk no more of future gloom, Our joys shall always, always last, mf. For

our joys shall al-ways last, mf.

Cres.

hope shall brighten days to come, And memory gild the past.

mem'-ry

hope shall brighten days to come, And mem'ry gild the past.

2d Verse. a little faster.

f.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl, I drink to love and thee, ... Thou

cres.

f.

I drink to love and thee,

sf.

f.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl, I drink to love and thee, Thou

sf.

f.

sf.

never canst de= cay in soul, Thou'lt still be young for me.

never canst de= cay in soul, Thou'lt still be young for me.

Volti.

cres.

And as thy lips the tear=drop chase, Which on my cheek they

Which on my

And as thy lips the tear=drop chase, Which on my

find, So hope shall steal a= way the trace, Which sorrow leaves be=

p.

cheek they find,

which sorrow

cheek they find, So hope shall steal a= way the trace,

which sor=row

Which sor=row leaves be=

hind, — Then fill the bowl, a- way with gloom, Our joys shall always

leaves behind, our joys shall

Then fill the bowl, a- way with gloom, Our joys shall always

hind, our joys shall

last, For hope shall brighten days to come, And memory gild the past.

always last, For hope shall brighten days to come, And mem'ry gild the past.

The Neva Boatman's Song.

Composed by C. E. Horn.

No. 16.

Andante.

Soave, con molto.

p.

dim

1st Voice.

Day-light fades, Ev'ning shades O'er the si-lent

2d Voice.

wa-ters creep; Winds a-rise, And with sighs,

Basso.

wake the stream from slum=bers deep. Swift o'er the

Ne=va tides Mark how our vessel glides,

f.

O'er the curl'd waves she rides, Scatt'ring pearl=drops from her sides,

o'er the waves she rides, Scatt'ring pearl=drops

O'er the curl'd waves she rides, Scatt'ring pearl=drops from her sides,

Volti.

S. p. Brothers row, Whilst the glow Of twilight sheds a part = ing beam,

S. p. Brothers row, Whilst the glow Of twilight sheds a part = ing beam,

f.

S.

pp. Till our lay Fades away, And dies up = on the Ne = va stream,...

pp. Till our lay Fades a = way, And dies up = on the Neva stream, dies up=

the stream, up= on up= on the Ne= va stream, dies up= on the

on the Ne= va stream, on up= on the Ne= va stream, dies up= on the

dies up= on the Ne= va stream, the Ne= va stream,

Ne= va stream, the Ne= = va stream.

Ne= va stream, the Ne= = va stream.

Fine.

Volti.

1st Voice.

Eve has pass'd, And shades at last Round the dark'ning

2d Voice.

waters close; Yet one star Shines a = far,

Basso.

Gilding ev'ry wave that flows. Soon shall the

hand of night Hang up her cres = cent light,

Del Segno 𝄋.

Mild, yet with splendor bright, Chasing ev'ry gloom from sight,

D.S. 𝄋.

Mild, yet with splendor bright, Chasing ev'ry gloom,

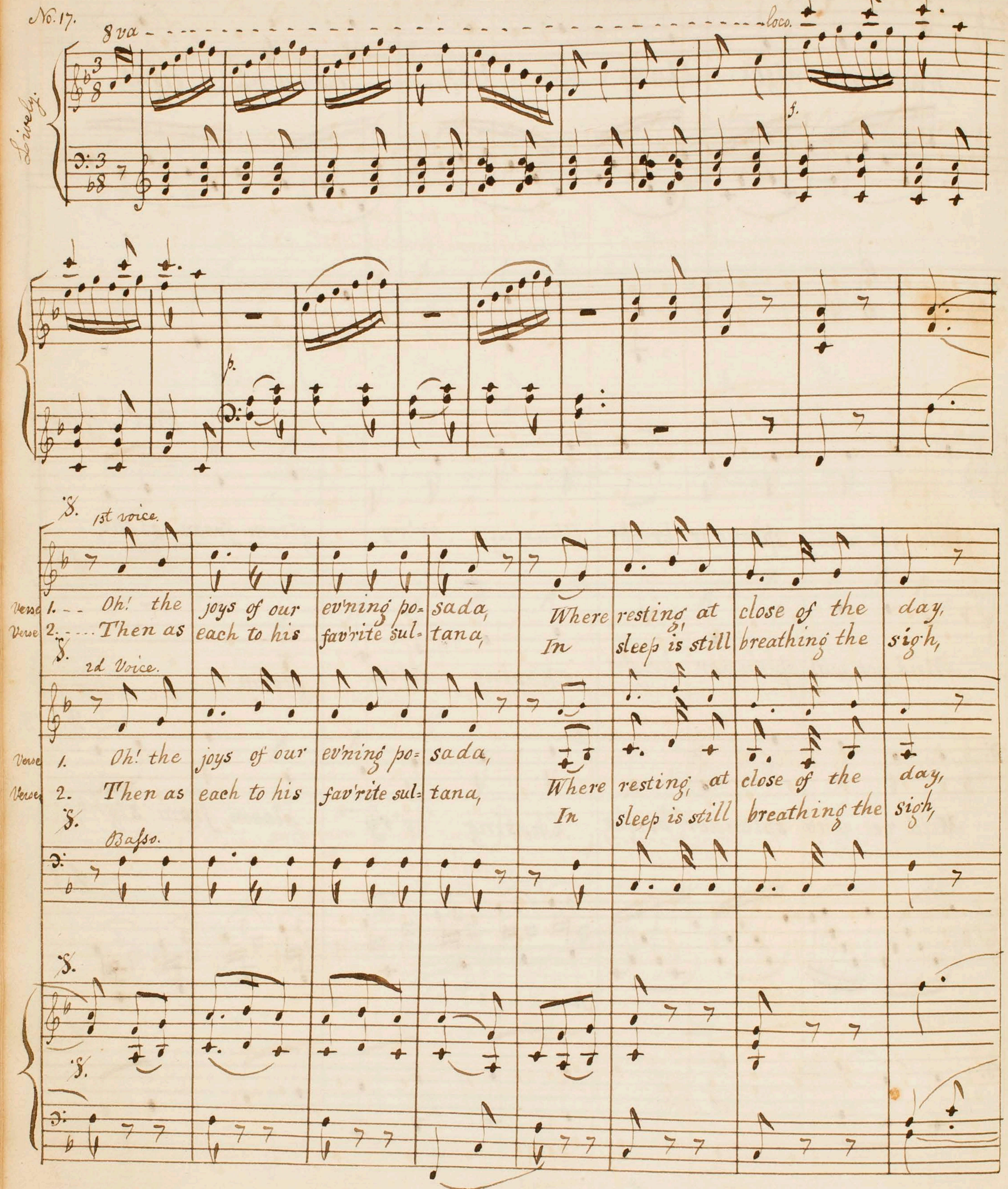
D.S. 𝄋.

Mild, yet with splendor bright, Chasing ev'ry gloom from sight,

D.S. 𝄋.

D.S. 𝄋.

The Young Muleteers of Grenada. Written by T. Moore. Arranged by H. R. Bishop.



We young mule-teers of Gre- nada Sit and sing the last sunshine a- way.
The name of some black-ey'd Ti- ra-na Half breaks from our lips as we lie.

We young mule-teers of Gre- nada Sit and sing the last sunshine a- way.
The name of some black-ey'd Ti- ra-na Half breaks from our lips as we lie.

So blithe, that even the slumbers Which hung a- round us seem gone,
Then, with morning's ro- - - sy twinkle, A- gain we're up - - - and gone,

So blithe, that even the slumbers Which hung a- round us seem gone,
Then, with morning's ro- - - sy twinkle, A- gain we're up - - - - - and gone,

Volti.

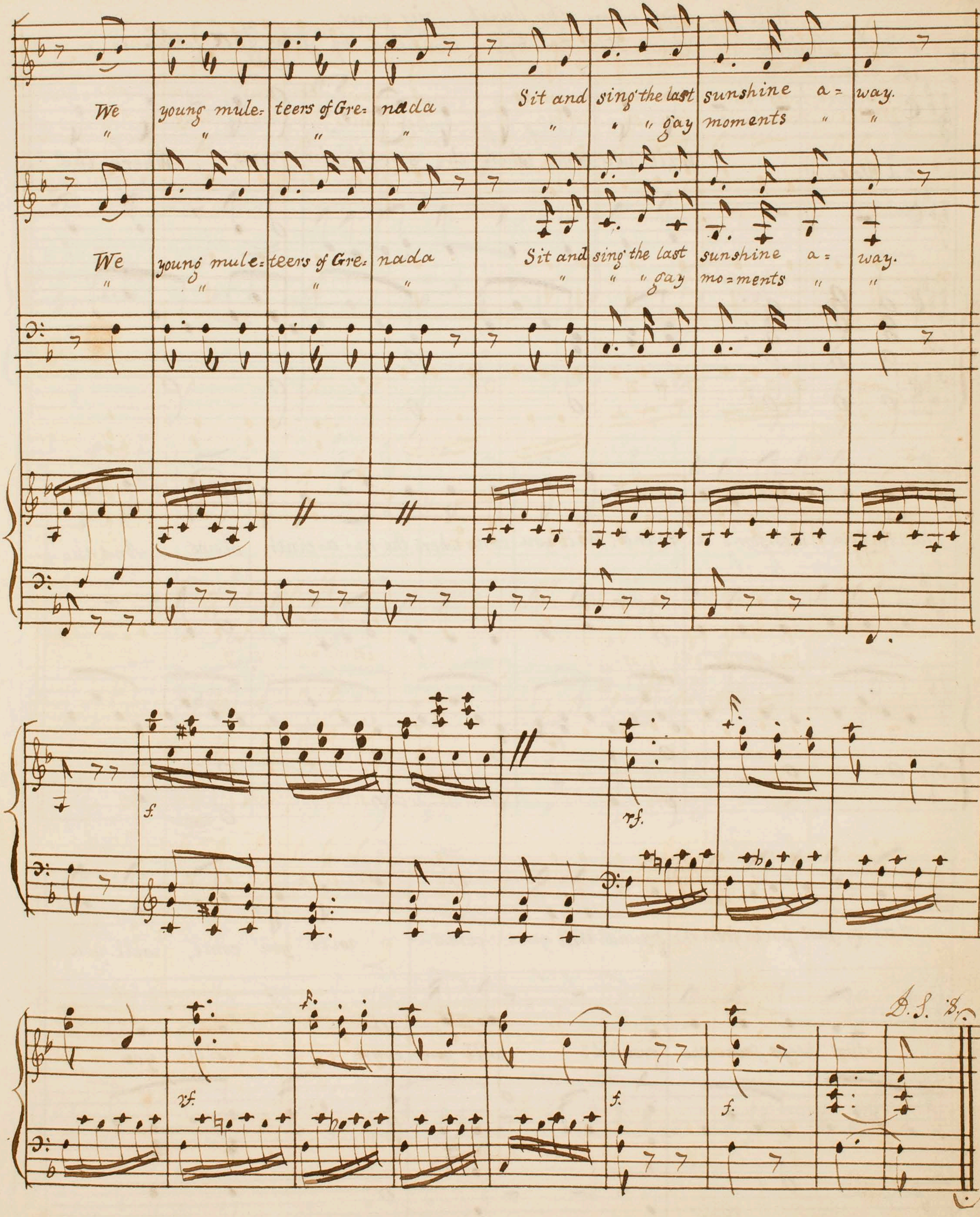
rall.o

Till the lute's soft drow=sy numbers A= gain be= guile them on.
While the mule=bell's drow=sy tinkle Be= guiles the rough way on.

Oh! the joys of our ev'ning po= sada, Where resting at close of the day,
" " " merry " " " " " each "

Oh! the ev'ning po= sada, Where resting at close of the day,
" " merry " " " " " each "

Oh! the joys of our ev'ning po= sada,
" " merry " "


We young mule= teers of Gre= nada Sit and sing the last sunshine a= way.
" " " " " " " gay moments " "
We young mule= teers of Gre= nada Sit and sing the last sunshine a= way.
" " " " " " " gay mo=ments " "
f.
rf.
rf.
f.
f.
D.S.

Will you come where the Sweet Brier grows.

a Duet. Written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk. Composed by John Barnett.

No. 18.

1st Voice.

2d Voice.

Will you come where the sweet-brier grows, Where the

Piano Forte.

ff.

heath-flower blos-soms a- round? Will you come where the hy- a-cinth blows, And the

dai-sy just peeps from the ground? Will you come- - - will you come, will you

just peeps from the ground? will you come, will you

come? will you come, will you come? There's a bow'r,

come? will you come, -- will you come, will you come? There's a

by the side of yon lake, by the side of yon lake, 'Tis the

bow'r, by the side of yon lake,

chos=en a=bode of the rose 'Tis the chosen a=bode of the rose, Where the

V. S.

Cres.

Rallent.

wings of the lin=net a= wake---- The leaves from their calm re= pose;

Cres.

Rallent.

Tempo.

Will you come where the sweet bri=er grows, Where the heath=flow=er blos=soms a=

Tempo.

round, Will you come where the hy= a=cinth blows, ---- And the

dai-sy just peeps from the ground? will you come, will you

Will you come, --- will you come, will you

come, will you come, --- will you come, will you come?

come, will you come, will you come, will you come?

Mynheer Vandunck.

A Glee for three voices.
Composed by H. R. Bishop.

No. 19.

Moderato ma Brillante e marcato.

ff

Alto.

Myn= heer Van=dunck, Though he never was drunk, Sipp'd bran=dy and water gai=ly, And he

Tenor.

Myn= heer Van=dunck, Though he never was drunk, Sipp'd bran=dy and water gai= =ly, And he

Bass.

pp.

quench'd his thirst With two quarts of the first To a pint of the lat= =ter dai=ly, To a

quench'd his thirst With two quarts of the first To a pint of the lat=ter dai=ly, To a

V.S.

Cres. For.

pint of the lat-ter dai-ly, To a pint of the latter dai-ly, To a pint of the lat-ter dai-ly.

pint of the lat-ter dai-ly, To a pint of the lat-ter dai-ly, To a pint of the latter dai-ly.

cres. mf.

Bass Solo. fz.

Sing-ing "Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be, could be As

pp.

deep as the rolling Zuy-der Zee, as the roll- - - - - ing Zuy-der Zee, Singing

Soli.

p.

Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be As deep as the roll-ing

Soli.

p.

Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be As deep as the roll-ing

Soli.

p.

f.

Zuy-der Zee, As the roll - - ing

f.

Zuy-der Zee, As the roll - - ing

cres.

Zuy-der Zee, As the

mf p.

ad lib.

Zuy-der

ad lib.

Zuy-der

ad lib.

colla voce.

Zee.

Zee.

V. S.

Chorus.

pp.

Sing-ing Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be As deep as the roll-ing

Chorus. pp.

Sing-ing Oh, that a Dutch-man's draught could be As deep as the roll- - ing

Chorus. pp.

pp.

f.

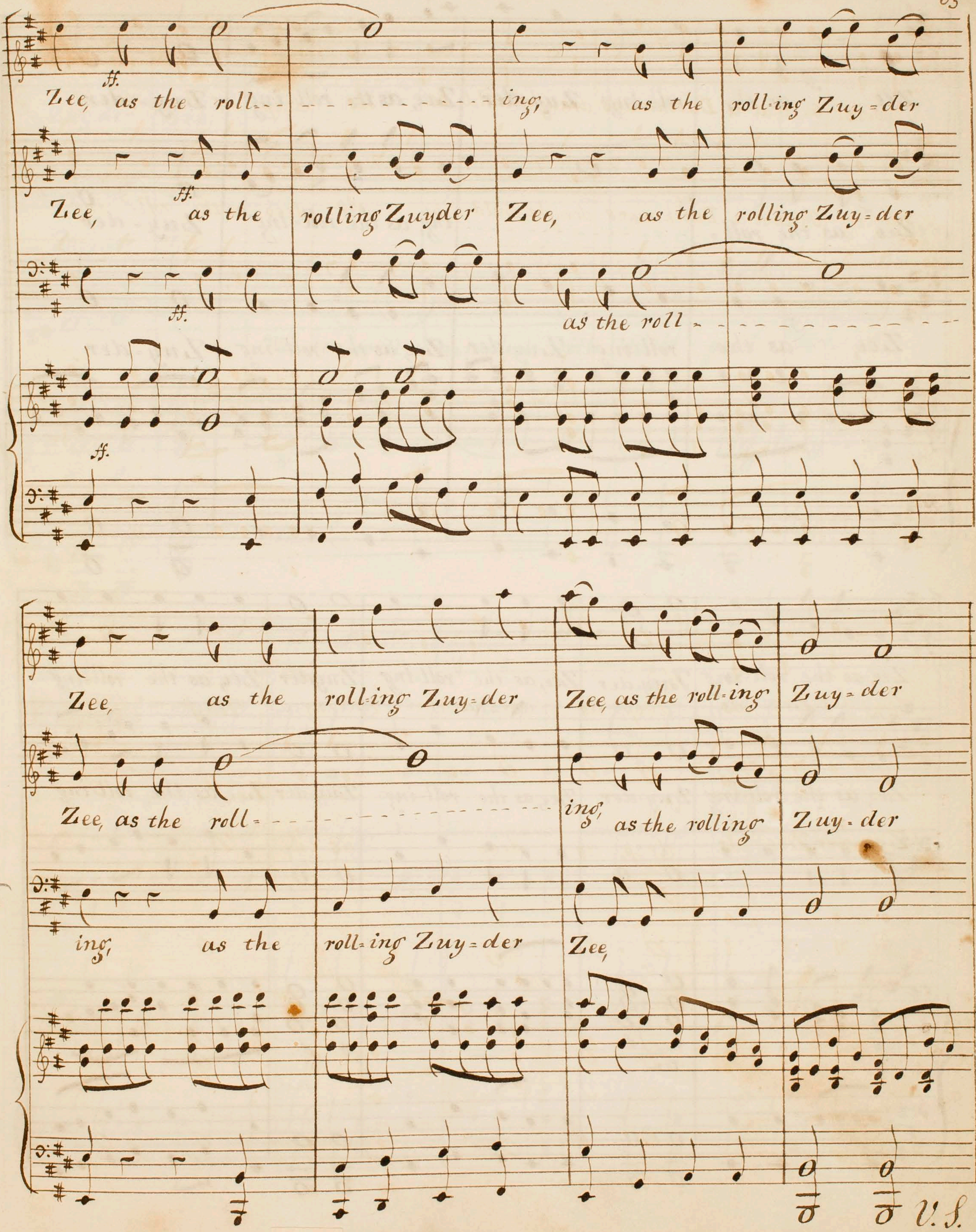
Zuy-der Zee, As deep, as deep as the roll-ing Zuy - - der

f.

Zuy-der Zee, As deep, as deep as the Zuy - - der

f.

as the


Zee, as the roll - - - ing, as the roll-ing Zuy-der
ff.
Zee, as the rolling Zuyder Zee, as the rolling Zuy-der
ff.
ff.
as the roll - - -
ff.
Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der
Zee, as the roll - - - ing, as the rolling Zuy-der
ing, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee,
V.S.

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der

Zee, as the roll- ing, as the roll-ing Zuy-der

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuyder Zee, as the roll-ing

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing

ten.

Soli.

Zuy-der Zee.

p.

No Soli

Zuyder Zee.

Solo.

No Soli.

Wa-ter well min-gled with spirit good store,

sf. sf.

pp.

pp.

Hol-land-er dreams of scorn-ing, No Hol-land-er dreams of scorn-ing;

Hol-land-er dreams of scorn-ing, No Hol-land-er dreams of scorn-ing;

But of

mf

p.

V.S.

wa-ter a-lone he drinks no more, But of wa-ter a-lone he

dol.

Than a rose sup- - - plies, - - When a

drinks no more Than a rose sup- - - plies, - - - When a

dew-drop lies ... On its bloom in a sum-mer

dew-- drop lies ... On its bloom in a sum-mer

morn-ing, in a sum--mer morn-ing;-

morn-ing, in a sum--mer morn-ing.

colla voce.

Volti.

Chorus

pp.

For a Dutch-man's draught should po-tent be, Though

Chorus.

pp.

For a Dutch-man's draught should po--tent be, Though

Chorus.

pp.

pp.

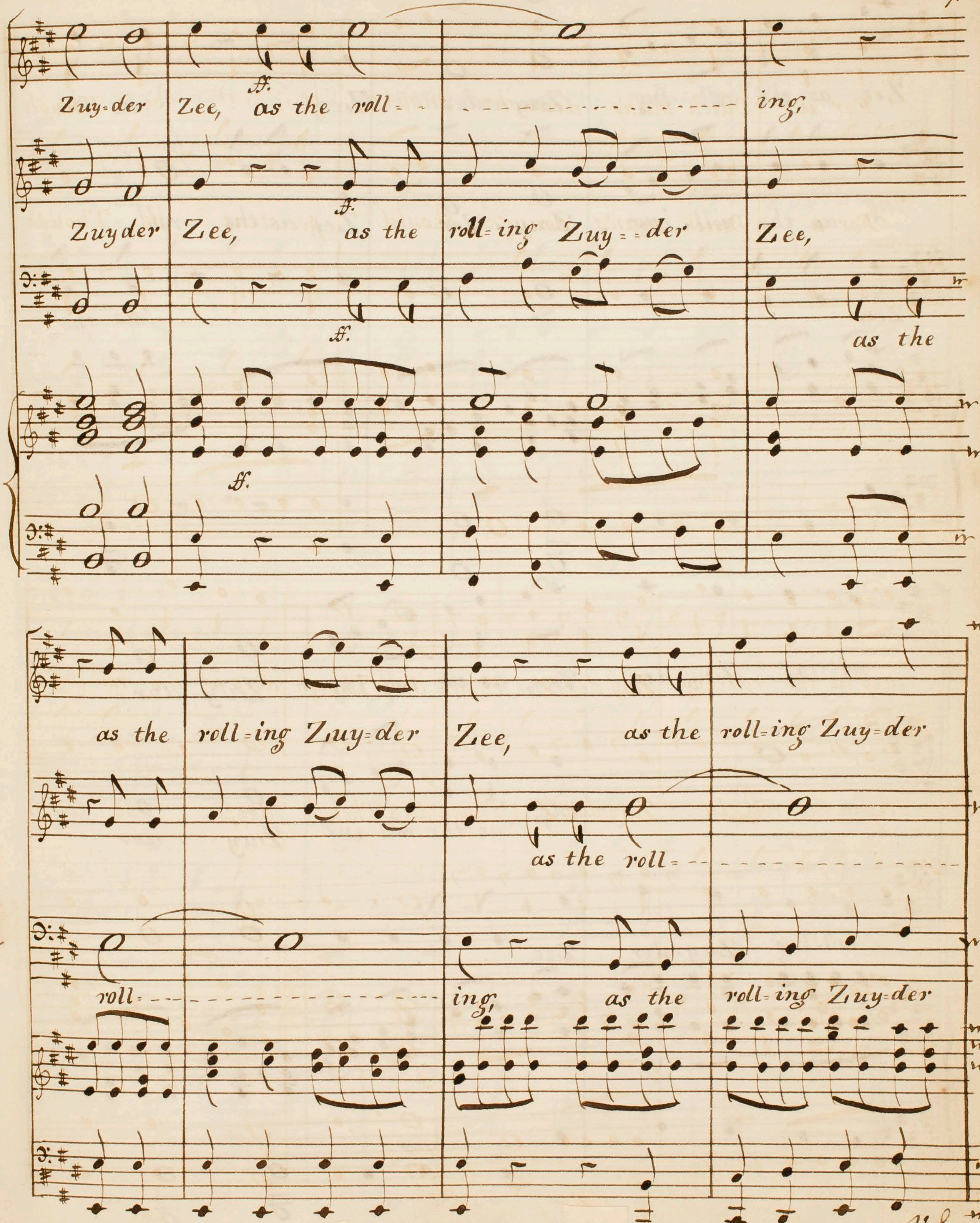
deep as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, Though deep, Though deep as the roll-ing

f.

deep as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, Though deep, Though deep as the

f.

f.


Zuy=der Zee, as the roll= - - - - - ing,
ff.
Zuyder Zee, as the roll=ing Zuy= =der Zee,
ff.
as the
ff.
ff.
as the roll=ing Zuy=der Zee, as the roll=ing Zuy=der
as the roll= - - - - -
roll= - - - - - ing, as the roll=ing Zuy=der

V.S.

Zee, as the roll = = ing Zuy = = der Zee, as the

ing, as the roll = ing Zuy = der Zee, as the roll - - - - - -

Zee, as the

roll = ing Zuy = der Zee, as the roll = ing Zuy = der

ing, as the roll = ing Zuy = = der

roll = ing Zuy = der Zee,

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy - der

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy-der Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy - der

vf. ten. vf. vf. ten. vf.

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy - - - - - der Zee.

Zee, as the roll-ing Zuy - - - - - der Zee.

cres. ff.

The Chimes of Zurich.

The celebrated Swiss Song, written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, composed by C. E. Horn.

No. 20.

Pensive.

1. The Sun his part-ing ray had cast O'er verdant hills and
2. The shades of eve were on the wave, And twi-light's fai-ry

dells, And o'er the lake sweet mu-sic pass'd, From Zu-rich's eve-ning
dells, Whilst E-cho an-swer'd, from her cave, The dis-tant eve-ning

bells. Wild birds were sing-ing, Flow'rets were spring-ing, Sweet chimes were ring-ing, I

hear them yet :- Wild birds were sing- ing, Flow'- rets were spring- ing,

Sweet chimes were ringing, I can ne'er for- - - get. Sweet eve- ning chimes,

ad lib.

Sweet eve- ning chimes, I can ne'er for- - - get.

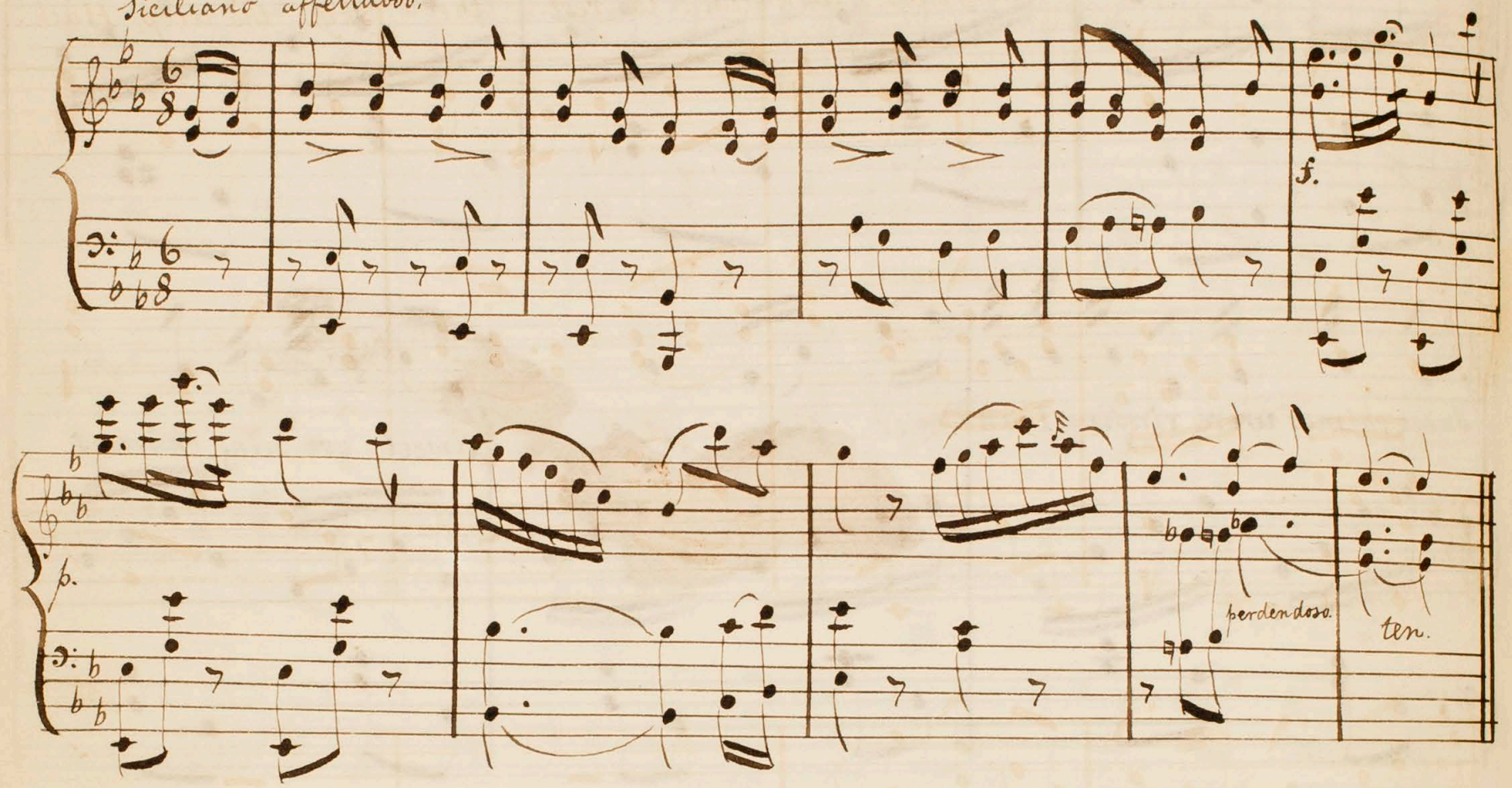
ad lib.

Ship ahoy!

As sung by Miss Louisa Gillingham, with an additional stanza by a Gentleman of Hartford; arranged as a song or Duet.

No. 21.

Siciliano affettuoso.

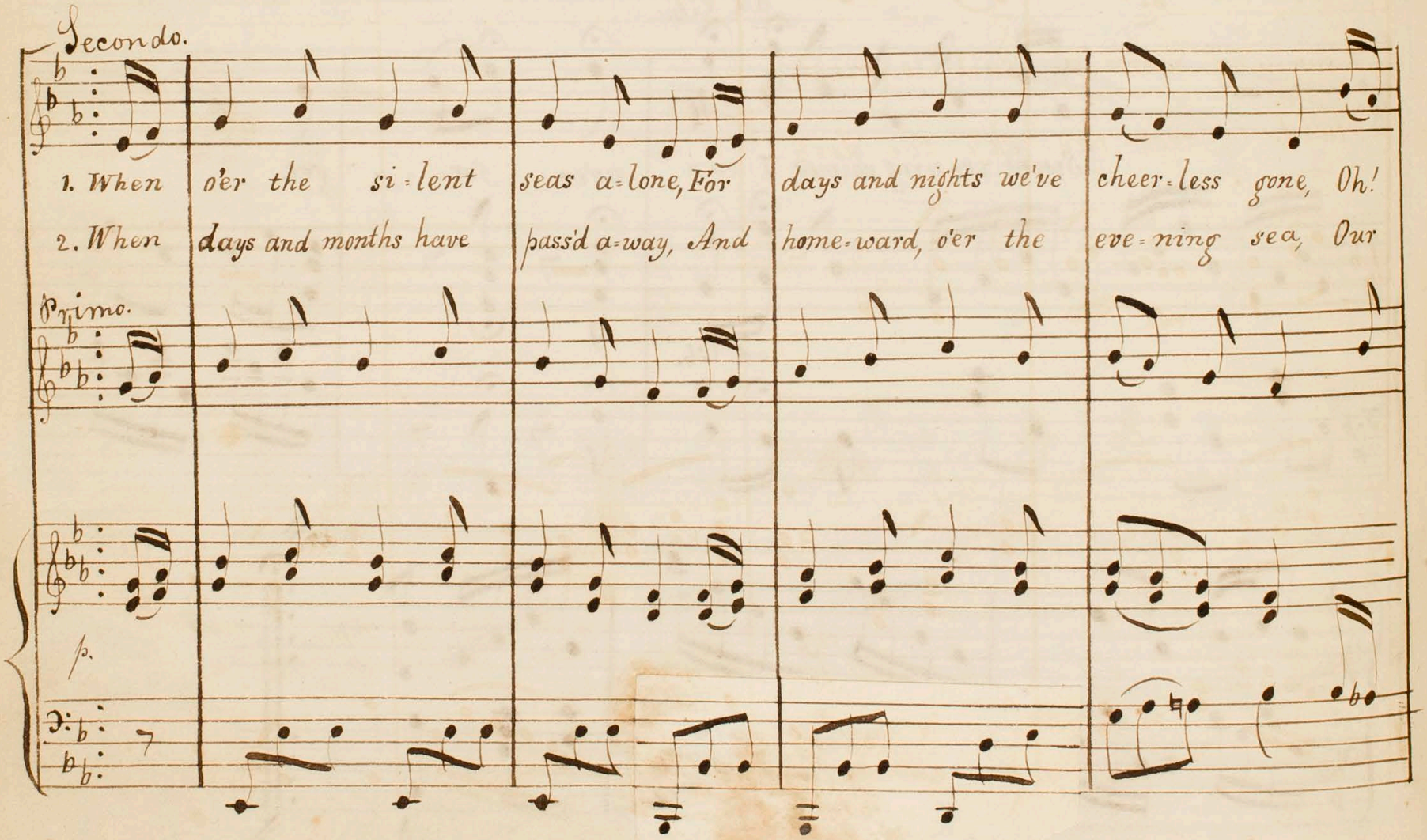


Secondo.

1. When o'er the si-lent seas a-lone, For days and nights we've cheer-less gone, Oh!

2. When days and months have pass'd a-way, And home-ward, o'er the eve-ning sea, Our

Primo.



they whove felt it know how sweet, Some sun=ny morn a sail to meet, Some
ves=sel hies,— when dreamy sleep Hath lull'd to rest the sky, the deep, Hath

sun==ny morn a sail to meet.
lull'd to rest the sky, the deep,—

mf. mp.

Volti.

ad lib.

Spark-ling on deck is ev'-ry eye, "Ship a-hoy! Ship a-

Hark! from a--loft the watch-man's cry, "Land a-head, Land a-

ad lib.

f. ff.

a tempo.

hoy!" our joy--ful cry; When an-sw'ring back we

head, I spy, I spy!" When all a--round on

a tempo.

ff. p.

faint-ly hear, "Ship a-hoy! ship a-hoy! what cheer? what
deck we come, Land a-head! land a-head! our home! our

ad lib.

8va

pp.

a tempo.

cheer?" Now, sails a- - back, we near-er come, Kind
home!" Now, as we speed our ra- -pid way, Our

loco.

f.

V. S.

words are said of friends and home; But
grate-ful vows to heav'n we pay; And

soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er
soon, we kiss our na-tive shore, To sail o'er

espress.

p.

si = = lent seas a = = gain, To sail o'er si = = lent
si = = lent seas no more, To sail o'er si = = lent

3

dim.

seas a = gain.
seas no more.

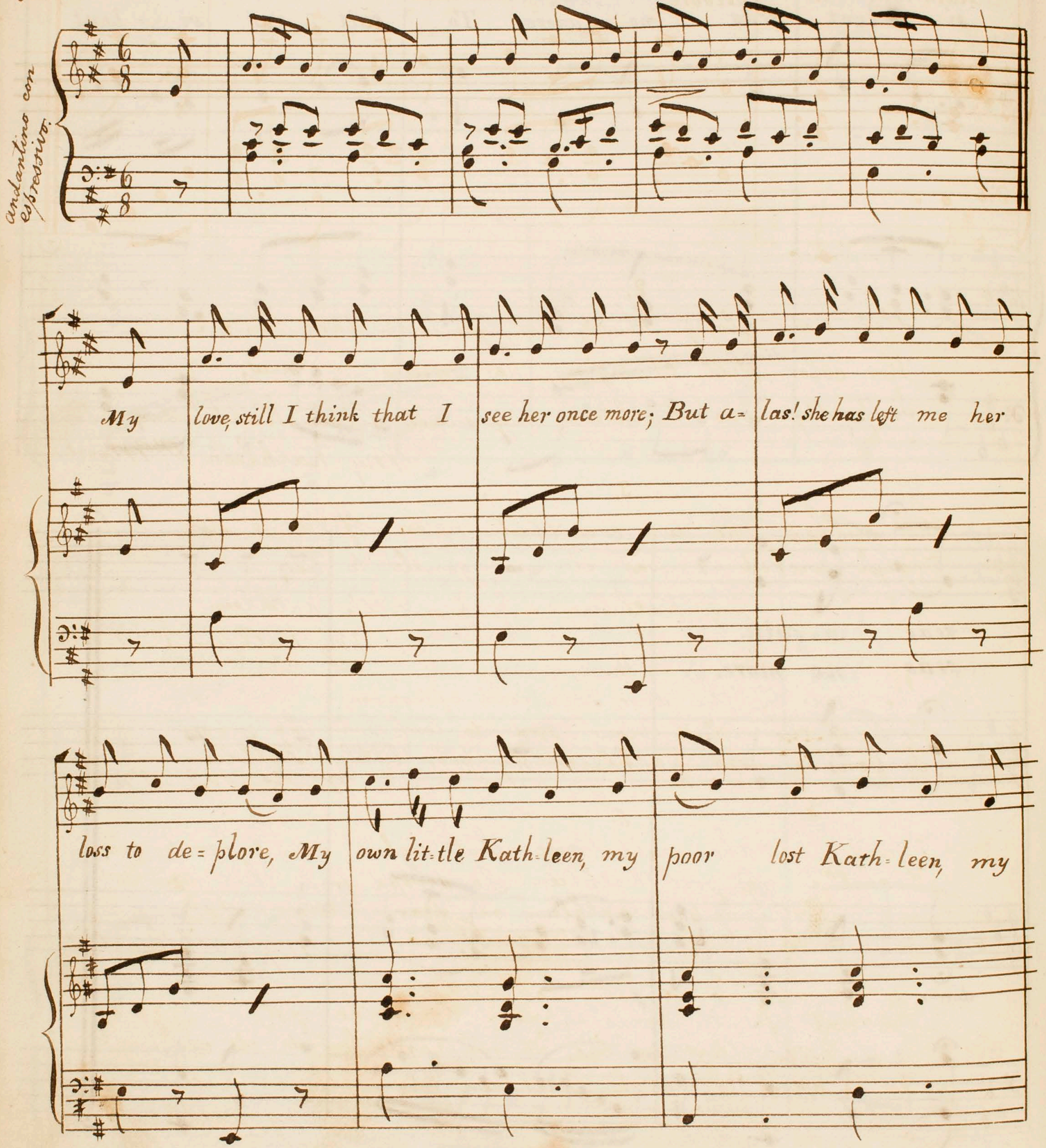
dim.

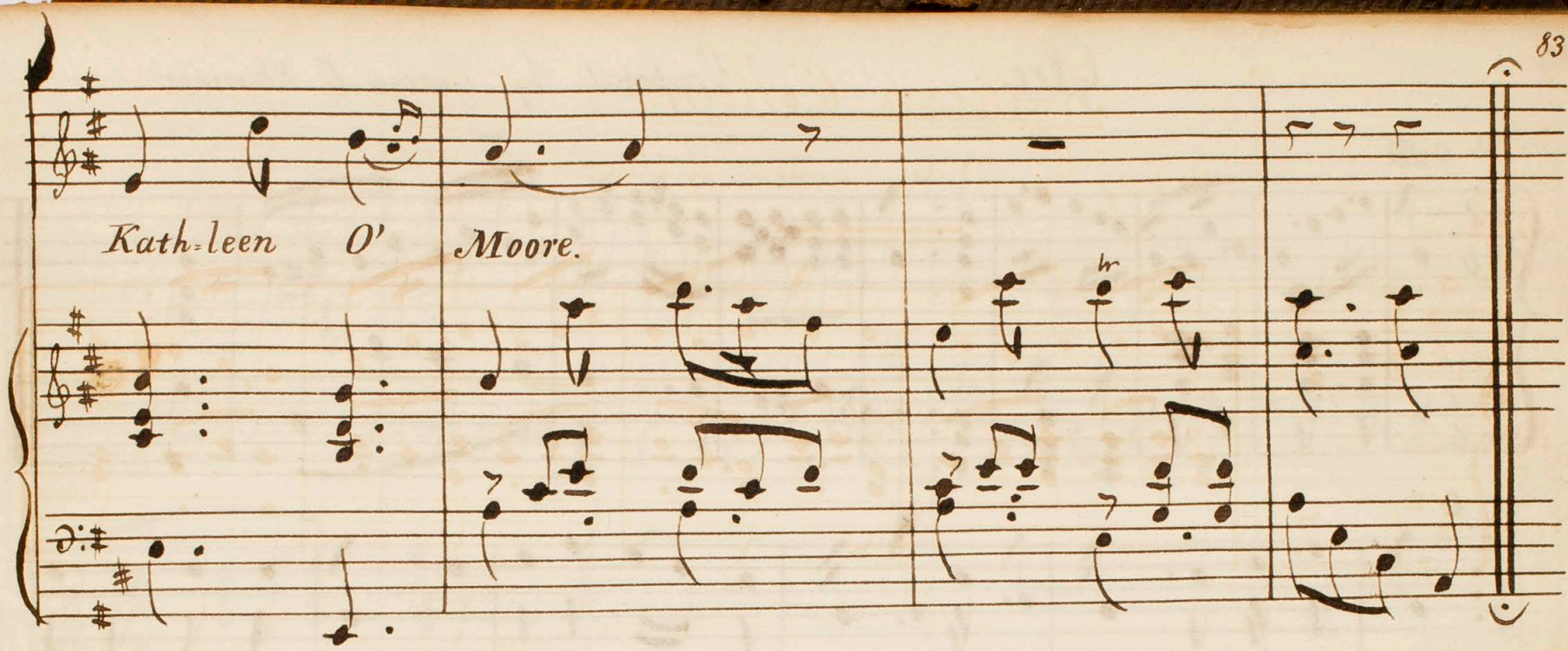
f.

Kathleen O'Moore.

As sung by Miss Louisa Gillingham.

No. 22.





2.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her color still changing, her smiles ever new,
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

3.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offer'd to stir,
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

4.

She sat by the door, one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and to look at the moon;
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

5.

O cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her bower,
It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour,
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

6.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the church-yard builds its nest,
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

Glee.

Composed by George C. Farmer.

No. 23. 8va

p.

Come, fill the bowl, come, fill it up, Shun school-men's lore to- night; The well Truth dwells in,

p. Come, fill the bowl, come, fill it up, Shun school-men's lore to night; The well Truth dwells in,

p.

p.

Repeat Forte.

is the cup That spar-kles ru-by bright. Count not the mo-ments as they pass,

is the cup That spar-kles ru-by bright. Nor

Repeat forte.

at old Time re = pine, But shake the sand from out his glass, And fill it up with

But shake the sand from out his glass, And fill it, fill it up with wine.

wine; shake the sand from out his glass, And fill it, fill it up with wine.

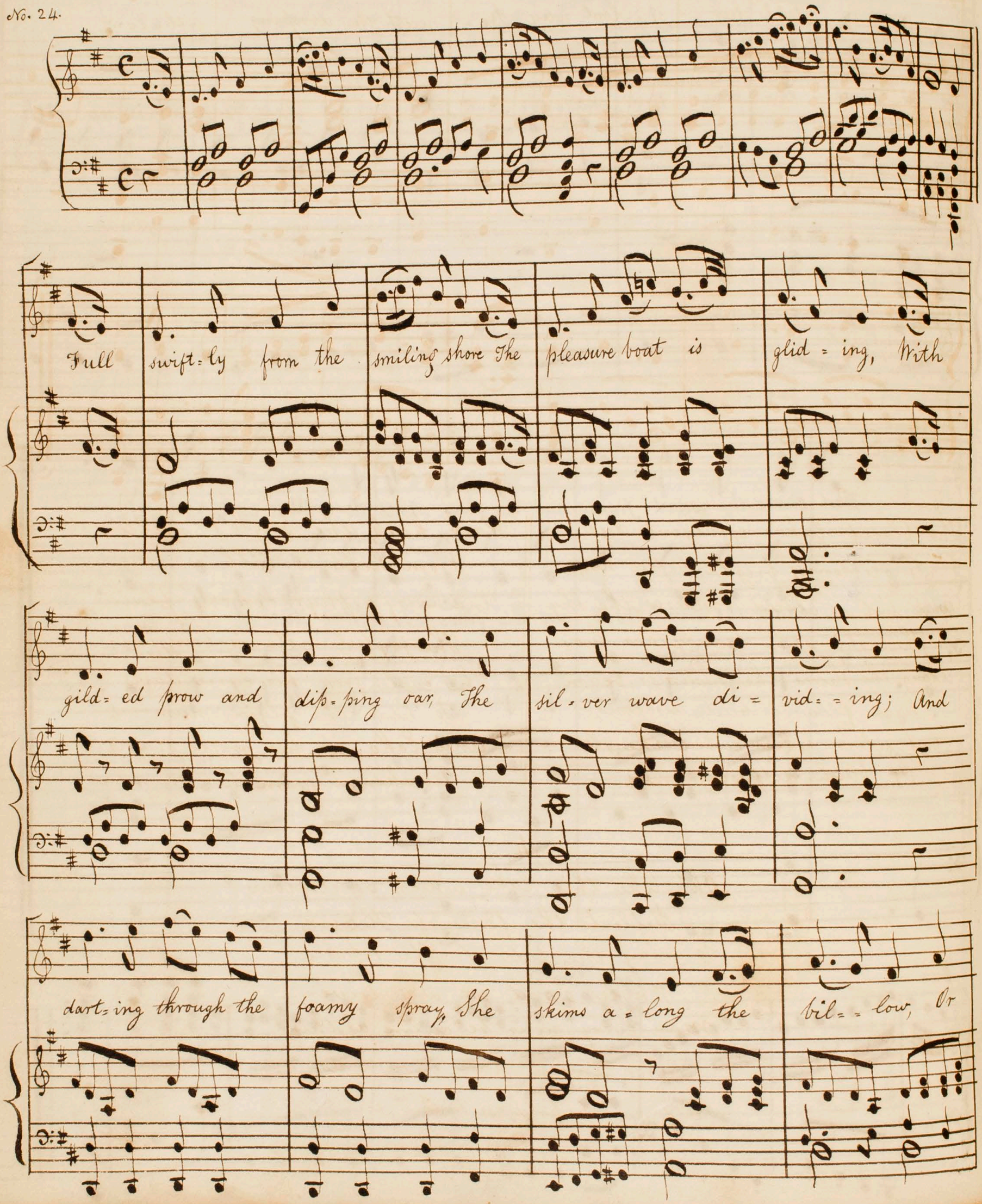
8va - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - loco. Bis

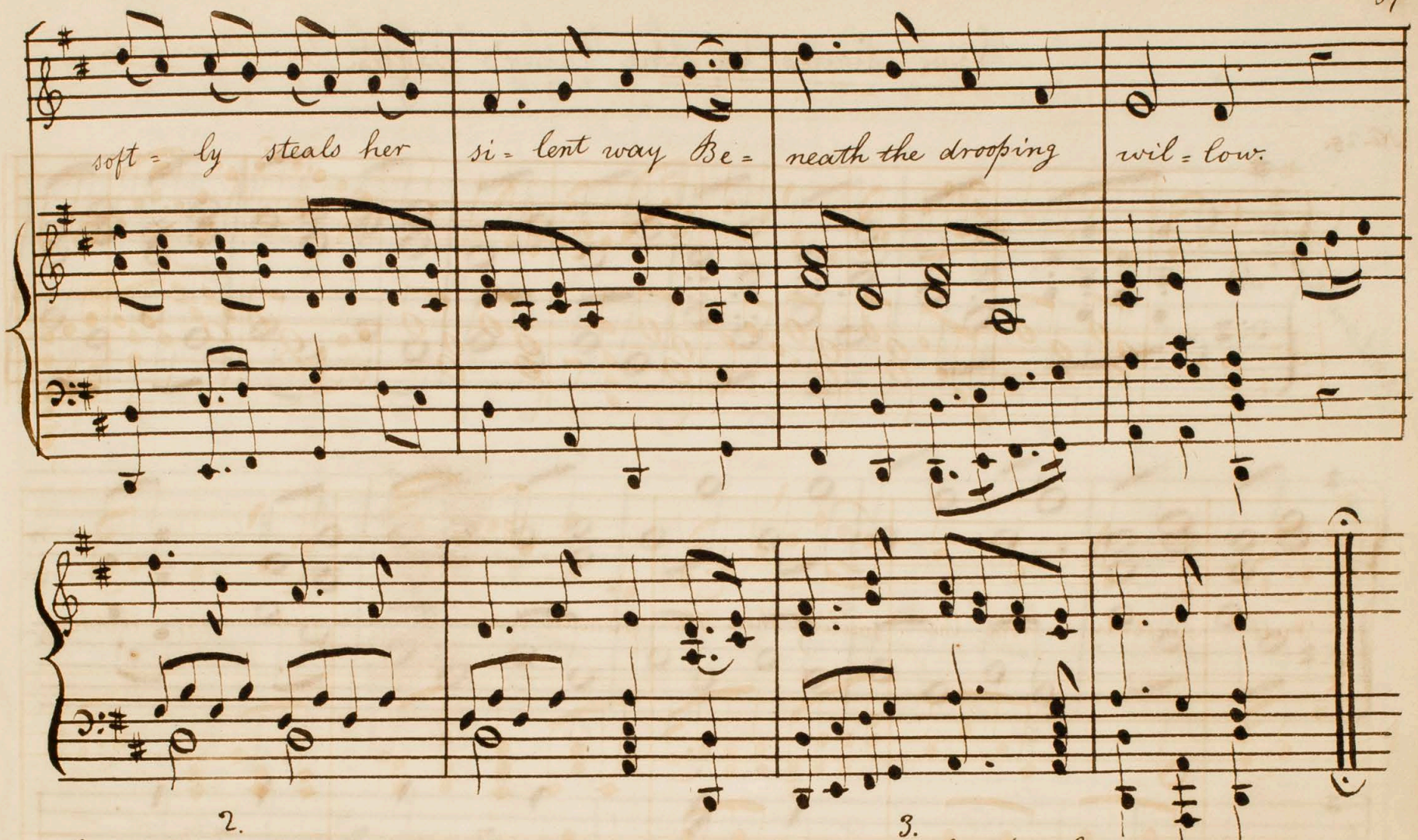
Bis.

The Pleasure Boat.

Written by Percival.

No. 24.





2.

The placid lake's effulgent dye
Is glittering bright before her,
And not a cloud obscures the sky
That shines in beauty o'er her;
Along the shores the summer beam
Each flowret bud discloses,
And silver lilies catch the gleam
Of blush=diffusing roses.

3.

Hark, hark, the bugle's mellow strain
From hill to hill is ringing,
And every zephyr o'er the plain
The joyful note is bringing;
The eagle from his eyrie darts
To hear the flying numbers,
And Echo in her grotto starts,
Awakened from her slumbers.

4.

Oh! like this lake, which, as it flows,
Reflects the face of Heaven,
So may the tide of life repose,
While o'er it we are driven—
May every hour be calm as this,
Nor tempest dare invade us,
Till we behold, supreme in bliss,
The Mighty One that made us.

Five times by the taper's light.

No. 25.

Andante.

fp.

Five times, by the ta = per's light, the hour glass we have turn'd to = night.

Sotto voce.

Five times, by the ta=per's light, the hour=glass we have turn'd to=night. Where's

Five times, by the ta=per's light, the hour glass we have turn'd to= night.

Fourth voice.

Fa=ther? He's gone out to roam; If he has luck, he'll

bring a buck up= on his lus= ty shoul=ders home.

home, home, he comes not home. Hark, hark, from the wood-lands

home, home, he comes not home. Hark, hark, from the wood-lands

tio.

vale be- low, from the wood-lands vale be- low, The

vale be- low, from the wood-lands vale be-

dis=tant clock sounds dull, sounds dull, sounds dull and

low, The dis=tant clock sounds dull, sounds dull and

slow, Bome, home, home, home.

f. p.

slow, Bome, home, home, home.

f.

No. 26.

Devotion.

A = wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai = ly course of du = ty run. Shake

A = wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai = ly course of du = ty run. Shake

off dull sloth, and ear = ly rise, To pay the morn = ing sa = cri = fice, Shake

off dull sloth, and ear = ly rise, To pay the morn = ing sa = cri = fice, Shake

off dull sloth, and ear = ly rise, -- To pay the morn = ing sa = cri = fice. Wake, and lift

off dull sloth, and ear = ly rise -, To pay the morn = ing sa = cri = fice Wake, and lift

up thy = self, my heart, And with the an = gels bear - - a part, who all night long, un =

up thy = self, my heart, And with the an = gels bear a part, Who all night long un =

wea = ried sing, Who all night long un =

wea = ried sing, Who all night long un =

wea = ried sing, un = wea = ried sing,

wea = ried sing, un = wea = ried sing,

Glo = ry to the e = ter = nal King.

Glo = ry to the e = ter = nal King.

Glo = = = = = = ry, glo = = ry,

glo = = = ry,

Glo = = ry, glo = = ry,

glo = = = = ry, glo = ry,

glo = = = = ry, glo = = ry,

glo = = = = = = = = = = ry,

glo = = = = = ry, glo = = = = ry,

glo = ry, glo = ry, glo = ry,

glo = ry, glo = ry, glo = ry, glo = ry,

glo = = = = ry, glo = ry,

glo = = = = ry glo = = ry

glo = = ry,

glo = ry to the e = = ter = nal

King.

glo = ry to the e = = ter = nal

King.

Serenade.

No. 27.

Moderato.

p. Look out up - on the stars, my love, And shame them

p. Look out up - on the stars, my love, And shame them

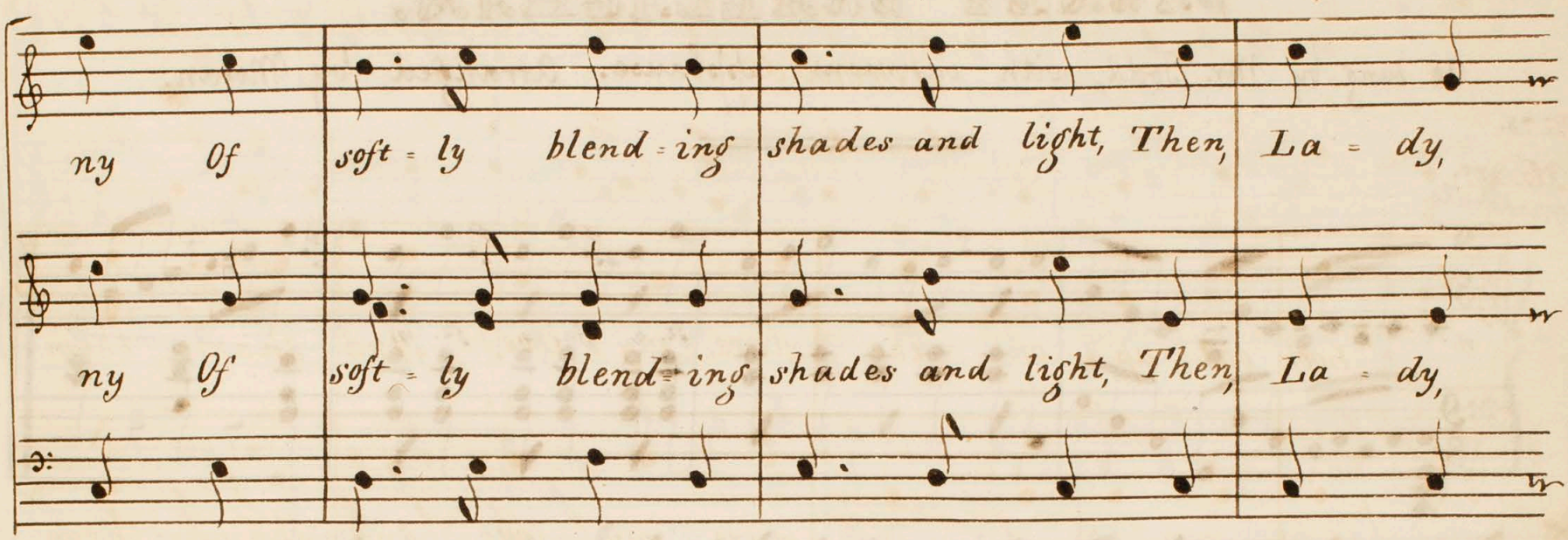
p.

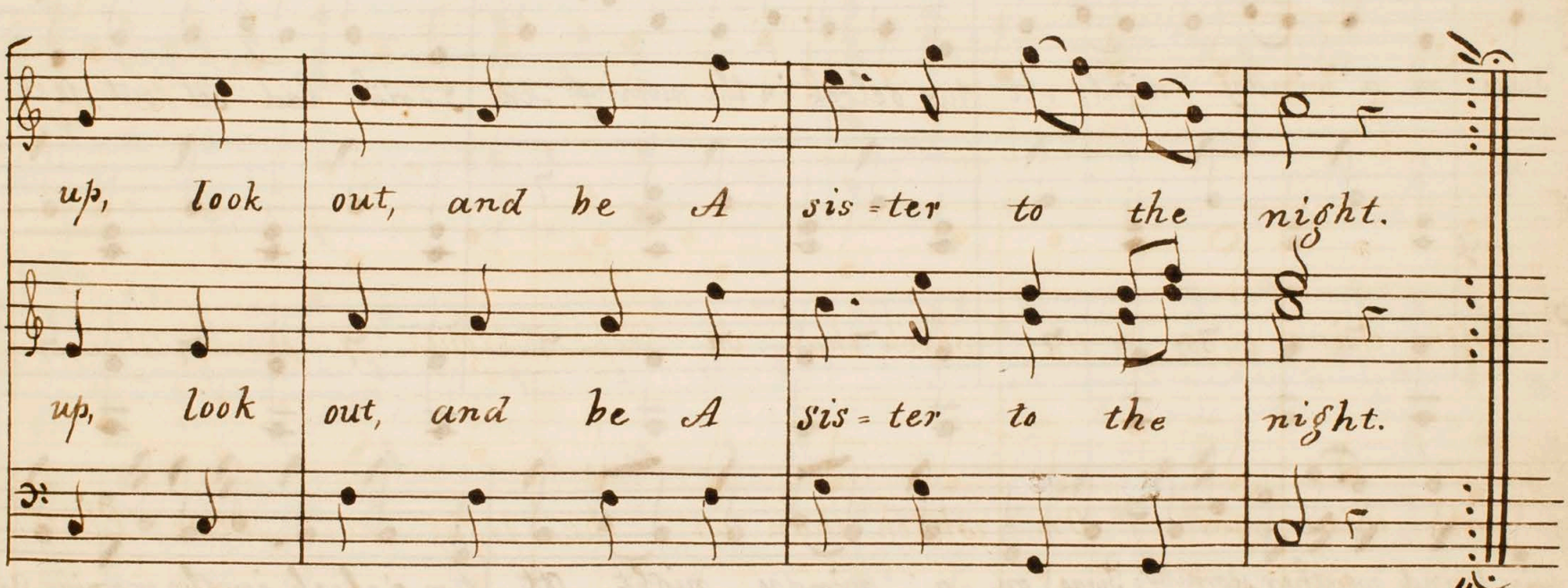
with thine eyes; On which, than on the lights a - bove, There

with thine eyes; On which, than on the light a - bove, There

hang more des - ti nies. Night's beau - ty is the har - mo -

hang more des - ti - nies. Night's beau - ty is the har - mo -





2.

Sleep not;- thine image wakes for aye,
Within my watching breast.
Sleep not;- from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest!

Then, Lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make, O make this darkness gay,
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

As sung by Mr. Todd, with enormous applause. Arranged by Moran.

No. 28.

Allegro. moderato.

'Twas on a windy night, At two o'clock in the morning, An I-rish lad set out, All wind and weather scorning; 'Twas on a windy night, At two o'clock in the morning, An I-rish lad set out, All wind and weather scorning. At Ju-dy Callaghan's door,

sit-ting up-on the rail-ing, His love tale he did pour, And this was part of his wail-ing,

On-ly say you'll have Bar-ney Brallaghan; Don't say nay, Charming Judy Callaghan.

mf.

Trio.

On-ly say you'll have Barney Brallaghan; Don't say nay, Charming Judy Callaghan.

On-ly say you'll have Barney Brallaghan; Don't say nay, Charming Ju-dy Callaghan.

mf. f.

ff.

2.

Oh! list to what I say, charms you have like Venus;
Own your love you may, there's only the wall between us;
You lie fast asleep, snug in bed and snoring,
Round your house I creep, your hand and heart imploring;
Only say, &c.

3.

I've got nine pigs and a sow, and I've got a stye to sleep 'em,
A calf and brindled cow, and I've got a cabin to keep 'em;
Sunday hose and coat, and an old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot, which you may ride astride on,
Only say, &c.

4.

I've got an acre of ground, I've got it set with potatoes,
I've got tobacco a pound, I've got some tea for the ladies,
I've got the ring to wed, some whiskey to make us gaily,
A mattress feather bed, and a handsome new shillelah,
Only say, &c.

5.

I've got an old tom cat, through one eye he is staring,
I've got a Sunday hat, a little the worse for wearing,
I've got some gooseberry wine, the trees they grew no riper on,
I've got a fiddle fine, which only want a piper on,
Only say, &c.

6.

You've got a charming eye, you've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I, a taste for genteel breeding,
You're rich, and fair, and young, as every body's knowing,
And you've got a beautiful tongue, whenever you set it a going,
Only say, &c.

7.

Your neck is white like snow, your cheeks are red, my deary,
Och, all the charms I know, I wish I could see them clearly,
Your nose, but I'll not tell, that charming lovely handle,
Faith, lights your room as well as if you had a candle.
Only say, &c.

8.

Thou Venus of my choice, sure can't I hear you stir now?
Let me hear that voice, which like my own I fear now;
Dear Judy list, I pray, och hear your Barney crying,
Your head peep out and say "Sure Barney don't be dying,
For I'll say, &c. If you'll say, &c.

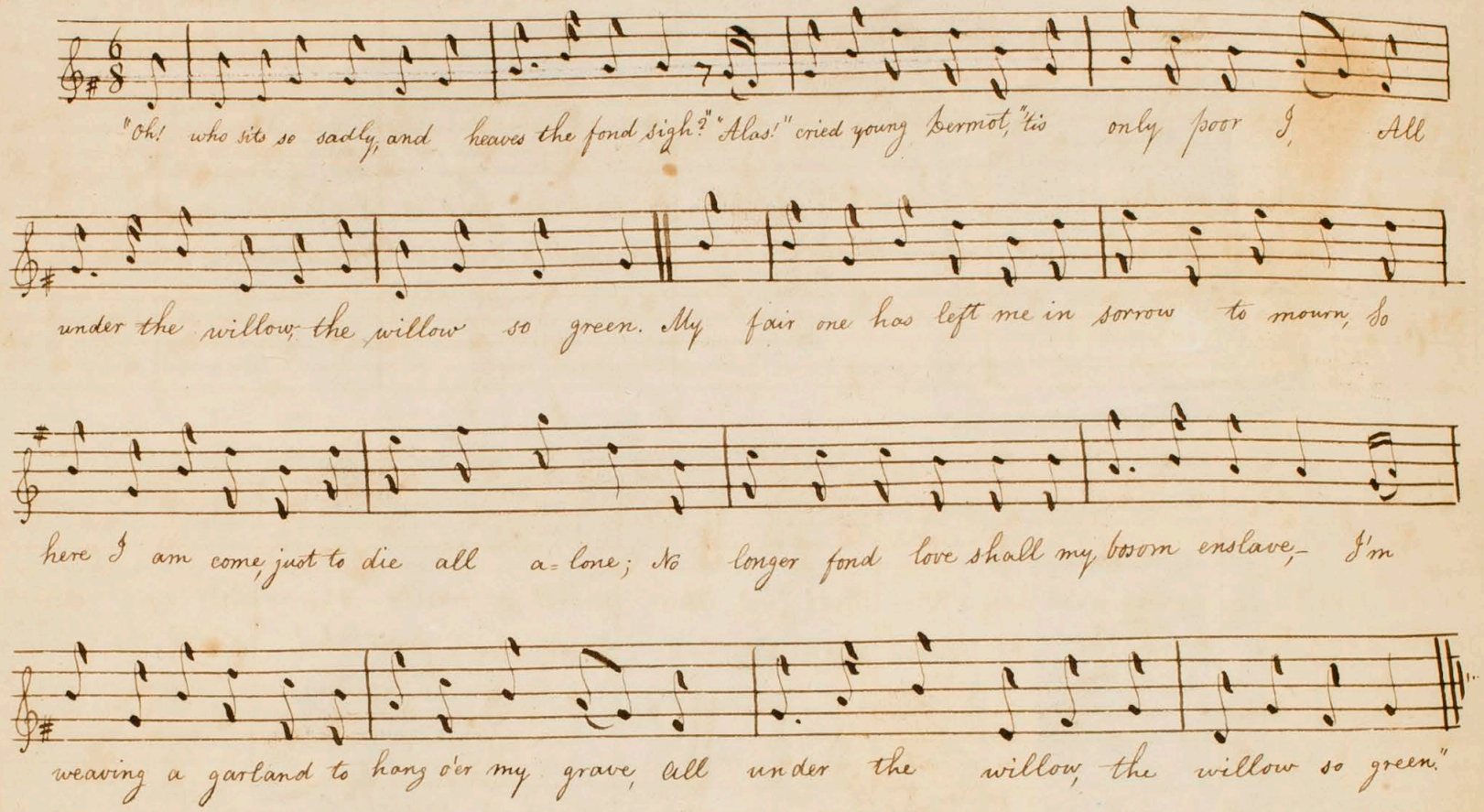
9.

For a wife till death, sure I'm willing to take ye,
But oh! I waste my breath, for the devil himself can't wake ye;
'Tis just beginning to rain, so I'll get under cover,
To-morrow I'll come again, and be your constant lover,
If you'll say, &c.

Oh! who sits so sadly.

Written by Mr. T. Toms.
air, Black Jock.

No. 29.



2.

The fair one you love is, you tell me, untrue,
And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken like you,
All under the willow, the willow so green.
Oh! take me in sadness to sit by your side,
Your anguish to share, and your sorrow divide;
I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each groan,
And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying alone,
All under the willow, the willow so green.

3.

Then close to each other they sat down to sigh,
Resolving in anguish together to die,
All under the willow, the willow so green.
But he was so comely, and she was so fair,
They somehow forgot all their sorrow and care;
And thinking it better a while to delay,
They put off their dying to some other day,
All under the willow, the willow so green.

No. 30.

A health to the brave.

Written by John F. M. Dovaston, Esq.
Air, The Red Fox.

1. A health to the brave, in fields a-far Sweet free-dom's foes as-sail-ing; And high the cho-ral
2. But what their meed, to whom re-turn In tri-umph's car is grant-ed? Be-side their com-rades'

1. A health to the brave, in fields a-far Sweet free-dom's foes as-sail-ing; And high the cho-ral
2. But what their meed, to whom re-turn In tri-umph's car is grant-ed? Be-side their com-rades'

bur-den bear, Their names with hon-ors hail-ing. What meed a-waits the fall-en brave? A
lau-rel'd urn, To see the ol-ive plant-ed, To hear the good, the great, the fair, Rich

bur-den bear, Their names with hon-ors hail-ing. What meed a-waits the fall-en brave? A
lau-rel'd urn, To see the ol-ive plant-ed. To hear the good, the great, the fair, Rich

na-tion's tears to dew them, And bards the bloom-ing flow'rs to weave, And vir-gin hands to strew them.
notes of rap-ture peal-ing, That high the cho-ral bur-den bear, Their names with hon-or hail-ing.

na-tion's tears to dew them, And bards the bloom-ing flow'rs to weave, And vir-gin hands to strew them.
notes of rap-ture peal-ing, That high the cho-ral bur-den bear, Their names with hon-or hail-ing.

Believe me.

{Words by T. Moore. Air, 'My lodging is on the cold ground. Harmonized for three voices.

No. 31.

Andante Espressivo.

1. -- Be = lieve me, if all those en = dear = ing young charms, Which I
2. -- It is not while beau = ty and youth are thine own, And thy

1. -- Be = lieve me, if all those en = dear = ing young charms, Which I
2. -- It is not while beau = ty and youth are thine own, And thy

gaze on so fond = ly to = day, -- Were to change by to = mor = row, and
cheeks un = pro = fan'd by a tear, That the fer = = vor and faith of a

gaze on so fond = ly to =
cheeks un = pro = fan'd by a

day, -- Were to
tear; That the

change by to = mor = row, and
fer = = vor and faith of a

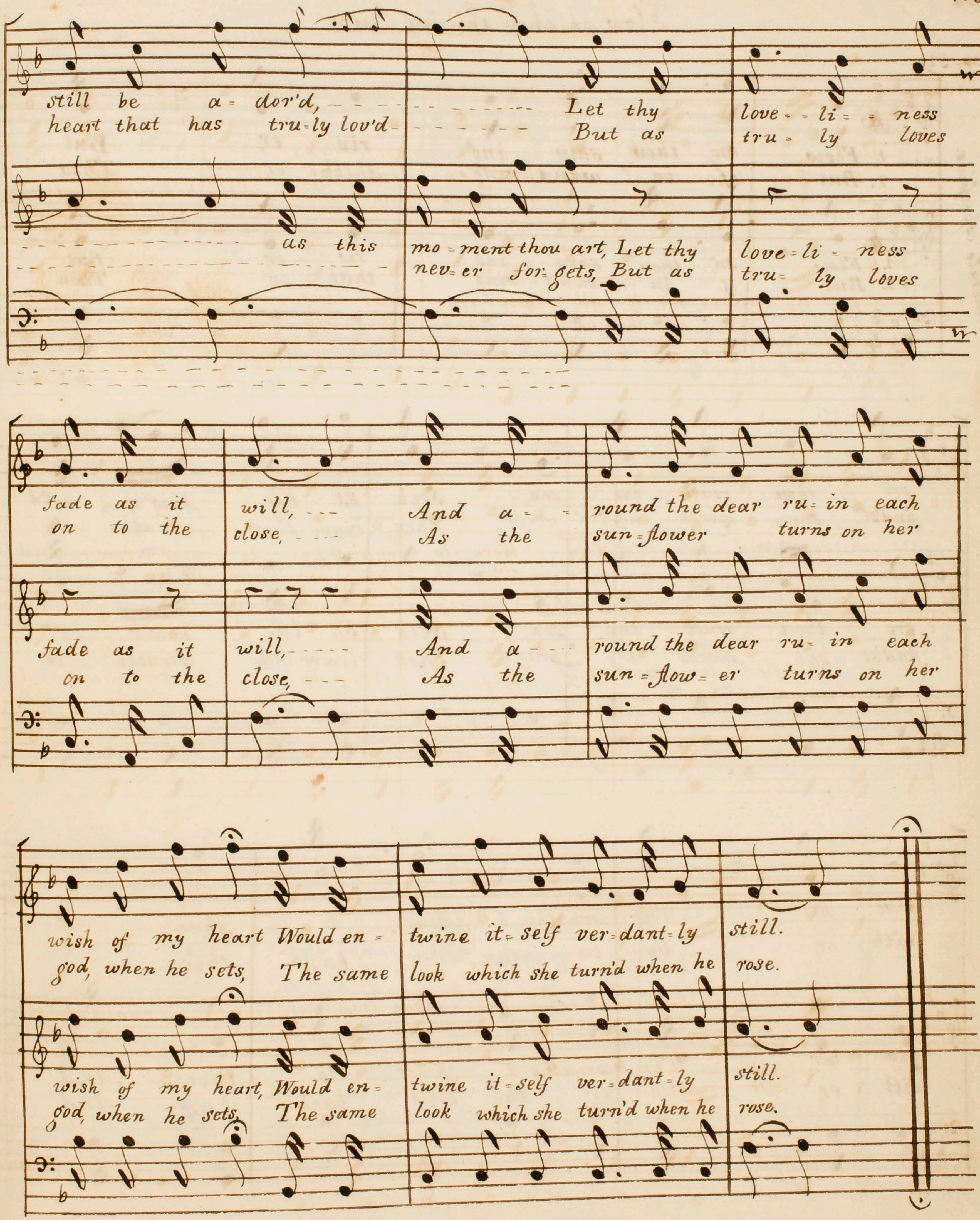
fleet in my arms, Like fai = ry gifts fad = ing a = way, Thou wouldst
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear. Oh! the

fleet in my arms, Like
soul can be known, To which

fai = ry gifts fad = ing a =
time will but make thee more

way, - - - - - - - - -
dear - - - - - - - - -

a = way - - - - - - - - - - -
dear - - - - - - - - - - -


still be a-dor'd, Let thy love-li-ness
heart that has tru-ly lov'd But as tru-ly loves
as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness
nev-er for-gets, But as tru-ly loves
fade as it will, And a-round the dear ru-in each
on to the close, As the sun-flower turns on her
fade as it will, And a-round the dear ru-in each
on to the close, As the sun-flow-er turns on her
wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
wish of my heart, Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Flow on thou shining River.

Words and melody by T. Moore.

No. 32.

Moderato espressivo.

1. Flow on, thou shin = ing riv = er, But
2. But if, in wand = 'ring thith = er, Thou

1. Flow on, thou shin = = ing riv = = er, But
2. But if, in wand = 'ring thith = er, Thou

ere thou reach the sea, Seek El = la's bow'r, and
find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then leave those wreaths to

ere thou reach the sea, Seek El = la's bow'r, and
find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then leave those wreaths to

give her The wreaths I fling to thee;-
with = er, Up = on the cold bank there;-

give her The wreaths I fling to thee;- And
with = er, Up = on the cold bank there;- And

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her

tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The
tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her

cur-rent of our lives shall be, With joys a-long their
lone and love less charms shall be Thrown by up-on life's

cur - - - - rent of our lives shall
charms shall be thrown on the

course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
weed-y shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

be, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

Come, my Heroes.

Stevenson.

No. 33.

Cheerful.

1. Come, my he - - roes, fill your glass - - es,
2. Here's my charm - er, most ex - cel - - - ling,

Has - ten, all ye lov - - ers, here; Now to toast your
Love - ly, and sur - pass - ing fair; All her beau - ties

beau - teous lass - - es, Who most charm - ing - ly ap - pear.
past the tell - - ing, - Oh! she is my on - ly care.

Who most charm - ing - ly ap - pear.
Oh! she is my on - - ly care.

Hence, des-pair-ing mel-an-chol-y, Love and
Then let's toast her, 'tis our du-ty, Fill a

Hence, des-pair-ing mel-an-chol-y, Love and
Then let's toast her, 'tis our du-ty, Fill a

beau-ty is our toast; To be sad is
bum-per, ev-'ry boy; Now to drink to

beau-ty is our toast;
bum-per, ev-'ry boy;

sure a fol-ly, He that hopes en- joys the most.
love and beau-ty, Is our plea-sure and our joy.

He that hopes en- joys the most.
Is our plea-sure and our joy.

Gin living worth.

a Scots Air. Harmonized by Mr. Webbe.

No. 34.

Andante

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart,

You would na speak in vain; But in the dark - some

You would na speak in vain;

But in the

would na speak in vain; But in the dark-some grave--

grave 'tis laid, Ah! ne'er to rise a - gain.

dark-some grave 'tis laid, Ah! ne'er to rise a - gain.

'tis laid, Ah! ne'er to rise a - - gain.

My wae-fu' heart lies low wi' his Whose

My wae-fu' heart lies low ..... wi' his Whose

My wae-fu' heart lies low wi' his

heart was on-ly mine; And ah! what a heart was

heart was on-ly mine; ah! what a heart was

Whose heart was on-ly mine; what a heart was that

that to lose! But I maun na re-pine.

that to lose! But I maun na re-pine.

Volti.

2d verse.

Yet Oh! gin Heav'n in mer=cy soon Wou'd

Yet Oh! gin Heav'n in mer=cy soon

Wou'd

grant the boon I crave, And tak' this life, now

Wou'd grant the boon I crave, And tak' this

grant the boon I crave, And tak' this life now nae=

nae=thing worth, Sin' Ja=mie's in his grave.

life, now nae=thing worth, Sin' Ja=mie's in his grave.

=thing worth, Sin' Ja=mie's in his grave.

And see, his gen - - tle spir - it comes, To

And see his gen - tle spi - - - - rit comes, To

And see his gen - tle spi - rit comes,

show me on my way; Sur-pris'd, nae doubt, I

show me on my way; Sur - pris'd, nae doubt, I

To show me on my way; Sur - pris'd, nae doubt,

still am here, S'air won - d'ring at my stay.

still am here, S'air won - d'ring at my stay.

I still am here,

Volti.

3d verse.

I come, I come, my Ja = mie dear, And

I come, I come, my Ja = mie dear,

And

Oh! wi' what gude will! I fol = = low where = = so =

And Oh! wi' what gude will!

I fol = low

Oh! wi' what gude will! I fol = low where = so = = e'er - - - -

e'er ye lead; Ye can = na lead to ill.

where = so = e'er ye lead; Ye can = na lead to ill.

= = = ye lead; Ye can = = na lead to ill.

She said, and soon a dead=ly pale Her

She said, and soon a dead= = ly pale Her

She said, and soon a dead ly pale

fa=ded cheeks pos= =sest; Her wae=fu' heart for=

fa=ded cheeks pos= =sest; Her wae=fu' heart for=

Her fa=ded cheeks pos= =sest; Her wae=fu' heart

got to beat, Her sor= =rows sunk to rest.

got to beat, Her sor= rows sunk to rest.

for=got to beat,

No. 35.

Somebody.

Harmonized by Mr. Webbe.

Pastorale.

Verse 1. Were I ob = lig'd to beg my bread And

Verse 2. Ah! should my love meet with re = turn, I'd

Verse 3. With him I'd tend my flee = cy care, With

had not where to lay my head, I'd creep where yon = der

bless the day that I was born, And nev = er more would

him each anx = ious wish I'd share, And on = ly ask that

herds are fed, And steal a look at some = bo = dy; My

sigh for = lorn, But live to look at some = bo = dy; My

I might bear The name of my dear some = bo = dy; My

own dear some-bo-dy; My con-

own dear some-bo-dy; My con-

own dear some-bo-dy; My con-

stant some-bo-dy; I'd creep where yonder

stant some-bo-dy; And nev-er more would

stant some-bo-dy; And on-ly ask that

herds are fed, And steal a look at some-bo-dy.

sigh for-lorn, But live to look at some-bo-dy

I might bear The name of my dear some-bo-dy.

The morn returns.

From "Rosina."
Composed by Mr Paxton.

No. 36.

Plaintive

The morn re=turns in saf=fron drest, But not to sad Ro=
si=na rest; The blush=ing morn a=wakes the strain, A=

The morn re=turns in saf=fron drest, But not to sad Ro=
si=na rest; The blush=ing morn a=wakes the strain, A=

wakes the tune=ful choir; The blush=ing morn a=

wakes the tune=ful choir; The blush=ing morn a=

wakes the strain, A= wakes the tune=ful choir; But sad Ro=si=na

wakes the strain, A= wakes the tune=ful choir; But sad Ro=si=na

ne'er a=gain Shall strike the ex=ult=ing lyre.

ne'er a=gain Shall strike the ex=ult=ing lyre.

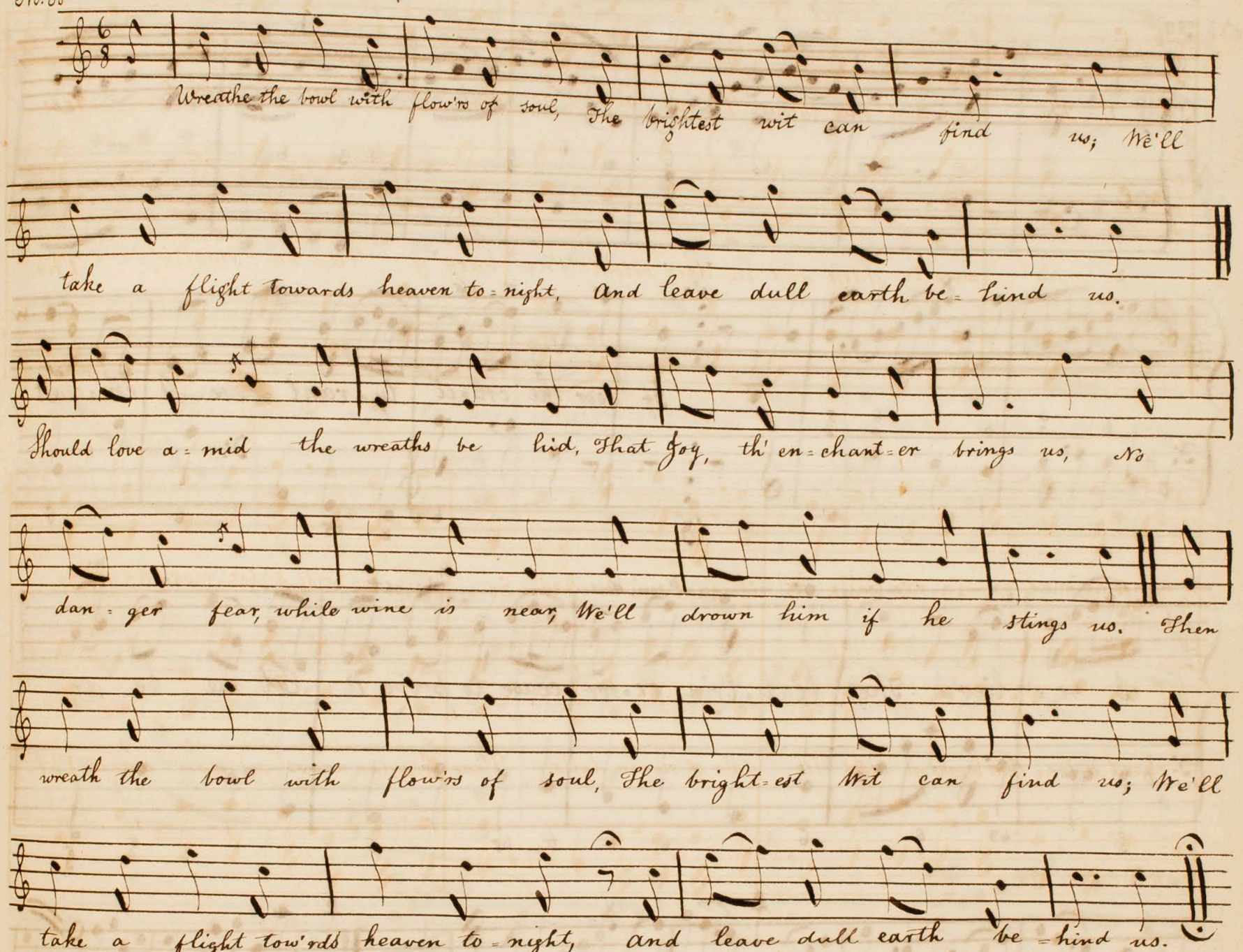
No. 37.

The Harp.

Words by Moore. Air "Gramachree."

1. The harp that once through Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The
hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So
sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So
chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus
Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The
glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now
feel that pulse no more.
on-ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To
show that still she lives.

No. 58



2.

'Twas nectar fed, of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew his nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:-
Take wine like this, let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam, to warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid.
So wreath the bowl, &c.

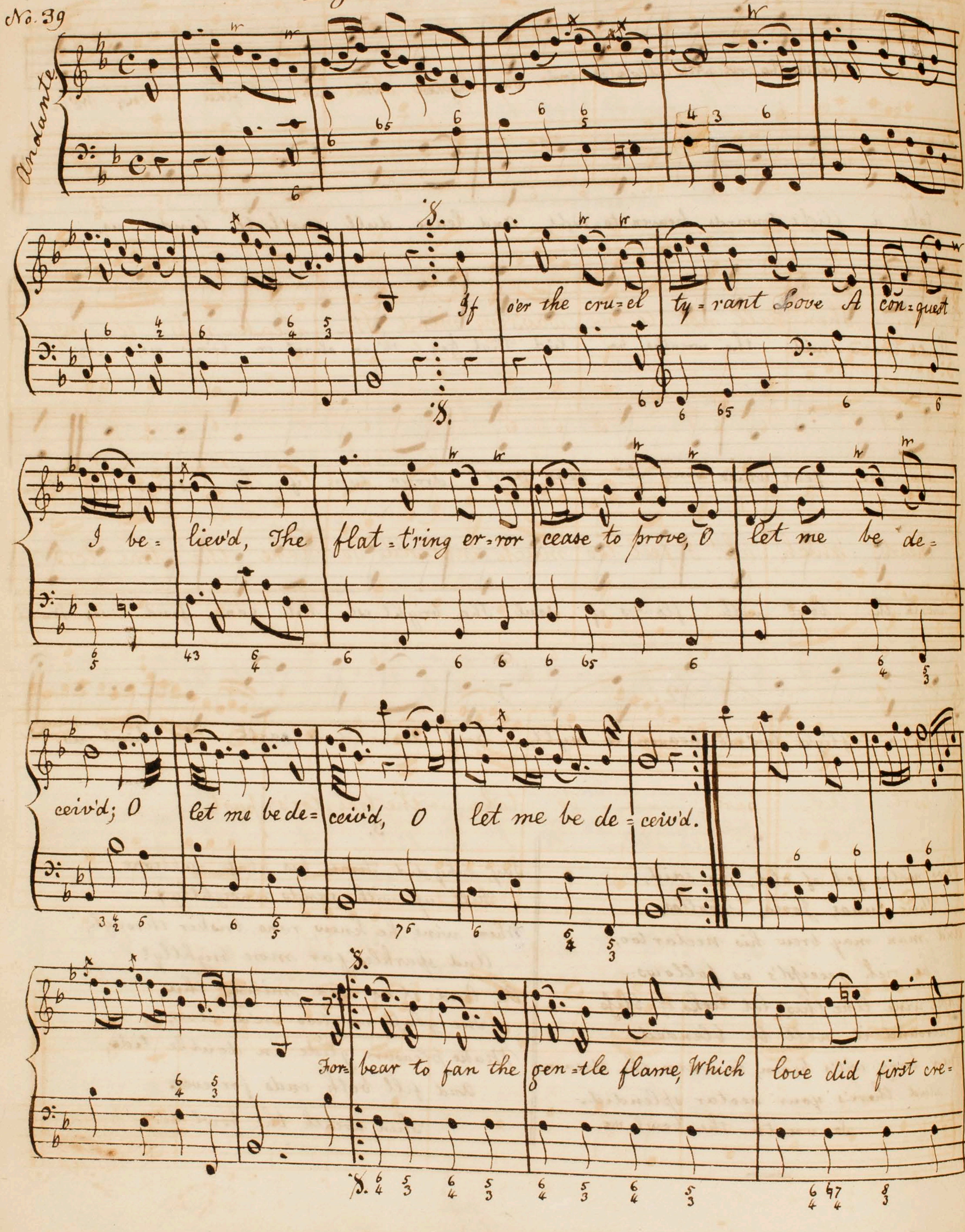
3.

Say, why did Time his glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly?
When wine, he knew, runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us, and smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide in double tide,
And fill both ends for ever.
Then wreath the bowl, &c.

Song in Artaxerxes.

Dr. Arne.

No. 39



ate; What was my pride is now my shame, And must be turn'd to

hate. Then call not to my wav'ring mind The weak=nefs of my

heart; Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd To take the trai=tor's

1. part. For=

2. part, ------ To take---the trai=tor's part.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

The air by Mr. Michael Arne.
Harmonized by Mr. Webbe.

No. 40.

Andantino.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear; When forc'd from her to go, A

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear; When forc'd -- from her to go, A= down her

When forc'd

down her cheeks rain'd ma=ny a tear, My heart was fraught with wo.

cheeks, down her cheeks rain'd ma=ny a tear, My heart was fraught with wo.

Our an=chor weigh'd, for sea we stood, The land we left be-

Our an=chor weigh'd, for sea we stood, The land we left be=

Our an=chor weigh'd, for sea we stood,

hind; Her tears then swell'd the bri=ny flood, My

hind, we left be=hind, -- Her tears then swell'd the bri=ny flood,

Her tears then swell'd, swell'd the bri=ny flood, My

sighs in creas'd the wind;- Our an = chor weigh'd, for

My sighs in = creas'd the wind;- Our an = chor weigh'd, for sea we

sighs in = creas'd the wind, in = creas'd the wind;- Our an = chor weigh'd,

sea we stood, The land we left be = hind; Her

stood, The land we left, we left be = hind; Her

for sea we stood, The land we left be = hind; Her tears then

tears then swell'd the bri = ny flood, My sighs in = creas'd the

tears then swell'd the bri = ny flood, My sighs; my sighs

swell'd, my sighs in =

wind; My sighs in = creas'd the wind.

in = creas'd the wind; My sighs in creas'd the wind.

creas'd the wind; My sighs in = creas'd the wind. Volti.

2d verse.

We plough'd the deep, and now be-tween Us lay the o-cean wide; For
We plough'd the deep, and now be-tween us lay -- the o-cean wide; For five long
We plough'd the deep, and now be-tween Us lay the o-cean wide; For

five long years I had not seen My sweet, my bon-ny bride:- That
years, five long years I had not seen My sweet, my bon-ny. bride:- That

time I sail'd the world a-round All for my true love's
All for my true love's

That time I sail'd the world a-round,

sake; But press'd as we were home-ward bound, I
sake, my true love's sake, - - - - - - - - - But press'd as we were home-ward bound,
But press'd as we were home - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ward bound, I

thought my heart would break;- That time I sail'd the

I thought my heart would break;- That time I sail'd the world a-

thought my heart would break, my heart would break;- That time I sail'd

world a- - round, All for my true love's sake But

round, All for my love, my true love's sake But

the world a-round, All for my true love's sake; But press'd as

press'd as we were home- -ward bound, I thought my heart would

bound, I thought my heart would

we were home- - - - - - - - - - ward

break; I thought my heart would break.

my heart would break; I thought my heart would break.

break,

Volti.

3d verse.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain To let me once on shore; I

To let - me once on shore; I long'd to

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain To let me once on shore; I

long'd to see my Poll a-gain, But saw my Poll no more. "And

see, long'd to see my Poll a-gain, But saw my Poll no more. "And

long'd to see my Poll a-gain,

have they torn my love a-way? And is he gone?" she

And is he gone?" she

And have they torn my love a-way?

cried; My Pol-ly! sweet-est flow'r of May;- She

cried, "ah! is he gone?" - - - - - My Pol-ly! sweet-est flow'r of May;-

My Pol-ly! sweet-est, sweet-est flow'r - - - - - of May- She

lan = guish'd, droop'd, and died:- "And have they torn my

She lan=guish'd, droop'd, and died:- "And have they torn My love a =

lan = guish'd, droop'd, and died, she droopd and died:- "And have they torn

love a = way? And is he gone?" She cried; My

way? And is he gone? is he gone?" She cried;

my love a = way? And is he gone?" she cried; My Pol = ly! sweet = est

Pol = ly sweet = est flow'r of May,- She lan = guish'd, droop'd, and

flow'r, sweet = est/ flow'r of May,- She lan = guish'd, droop'd, and

died;- She lan = = = guish'd, droop'd, and died.

she droop'd and died;- she lan = guish'd, droop'd, and died.

died, she died;

In a Vale clos'd with woodlands.

Selected from the Elegies composed by Mr. Jackson.

No. 41.

Andante.

S.

In a vale clos'd with wood-lands, where grot-toes a-

In a vale clos'd with wood-lands, where grot-toes a-

bound, Where riv-u-lets mur-

bound,

Where

Where rivu-u-lets

mur, riv-u-lets

riv-u-lets mur-

mur,

mur,

mur, and e-choes re-sound,

I

mur, and e-choes re-sound

I

mur,

vow'd to the Mu - ses my time and my care, Since

vow'd to the Mu - ses my time and my care,

nei - ther Since nei - ther

Since nei - ther Since

Since nei - ther Since

Since nei - ther could

Since nei - ther could win me the smiles

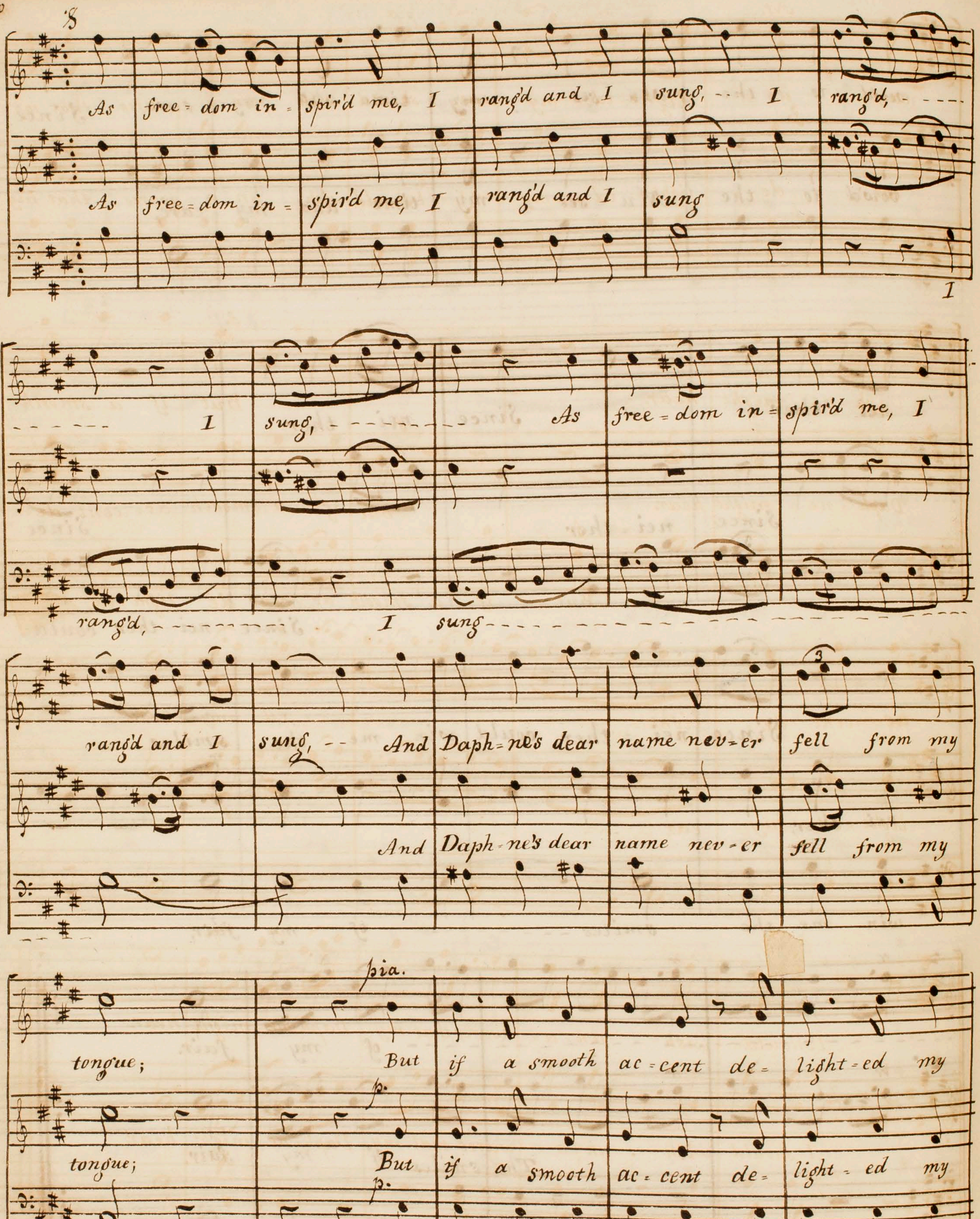
nei - ther,

win me the smiles of my fair,

of my fair.

The smiles of my fair.

Volti.



As free = dom in = spir'd me, I rang'd and I sung, -- I rang'd, ----
As free = dom in = spir'd me, I rang'd and I sung
I
------ I sung, ---------- As free = dom in = spir'd me, I
rang'd, --------- I sung ----------------
rang'd and I sung, -- And Daph = ne's dear name nev = er fell from my
And Daph - ne's dear name nev - er fell from my
pia.
tongue; But if a smooth ac = cent de = light = ed my
p.
tongue; But if a smooth ac = cent de = light = ed my
p.

For.

ear, de = light = ed my ear, I should wish un = a wares that my

pia.

f.

ear, de = light = ed my ear, I should wish un = a wares that my

f.

Daph = ne might hear.

But if a smooth

f.

Daph = ne might hear.

But if a smooth ac = cent de =

f.

But if a smooth ac = cent de light = ed,

ac = = cent de = light = ed my ear,

light = ed my ear,

pia.

I should wish un = a = wares that my Daph = ne might hear.

I should wish un = a = wares that my Daph = ne might hear.

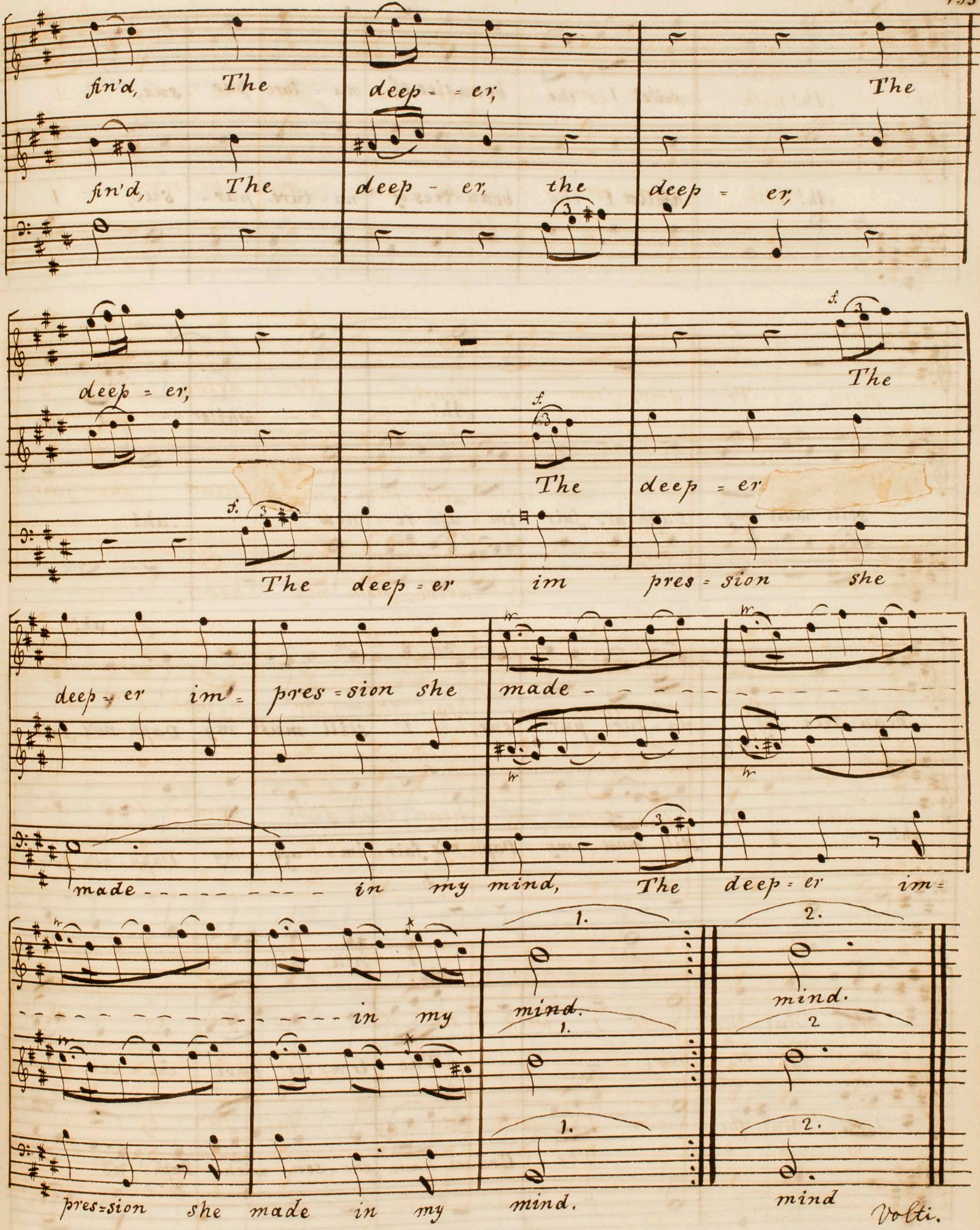
Volti.

S. mf.
With fair = est i = de = as my bo = som I
mf.
With fair = est i = de = as my bo = som I
mf.

stor'd, To drive from my heart, To drive from my
stor'd, To drive from my heart the fair
To drive from my heart - - - - - -
p.
p.
p.

heart, To drive from my heart the fair nymph I a =
nymph, To drive from my heart the fair nymph I a =
f.
f.

dor'd; But the more I with stu = dy my fan = cy re =
dor'd; But the more I with stu = dy my fan = cy re =
mp.
mp.
mp.


fin'd, The deep = = er, The
fin'd, The deep - er, the deep = er,
deep = er, The
The deep = er
The deeper im pres = sion she
deep = er im = pres = sion she made
made in my mind, The deep = er im =
in my mind. mind.
pres = sion she made in my mind. mind
Volti.

S. Pia.

Ah! whilst I the beau-ties of na-ture pur sue,

p.

Ah! whilst I the beau-ties of na-ture pur- sue, I

p.

Ah! -- - - - - whilst --- I the

still must my Daph-ne's fair im-age re-new ah!

ah!

For.

beau-ties of na-ture pur- sue, -- I still must my Daph-ne's fair

ah! I still must my Daph-ne's fair im-age, my Daph-ne's fair

f.

f.

ah! ah! I still must

3

im-age re- new;

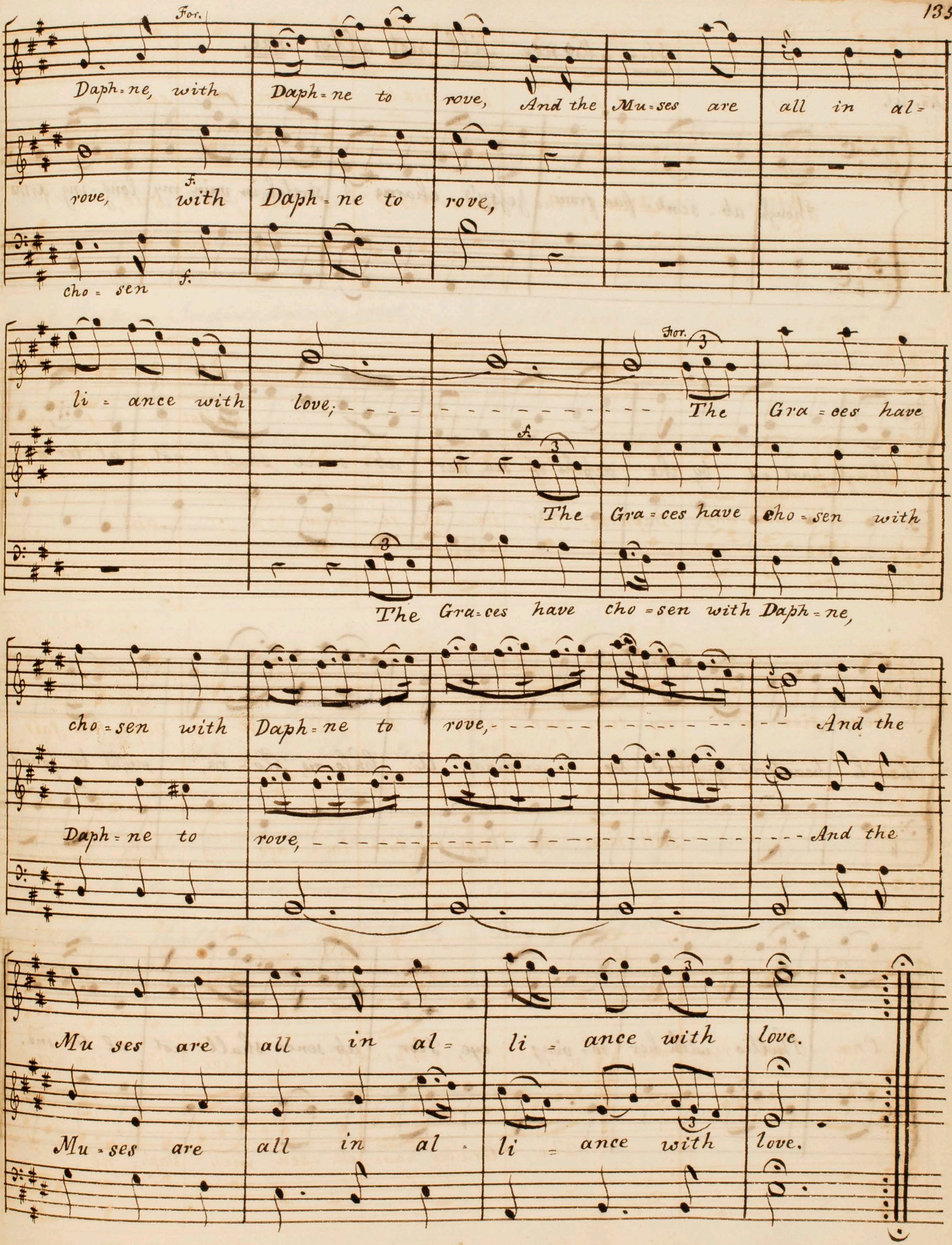
Pia.

The Gra-ces have cho-sen with

Pia.

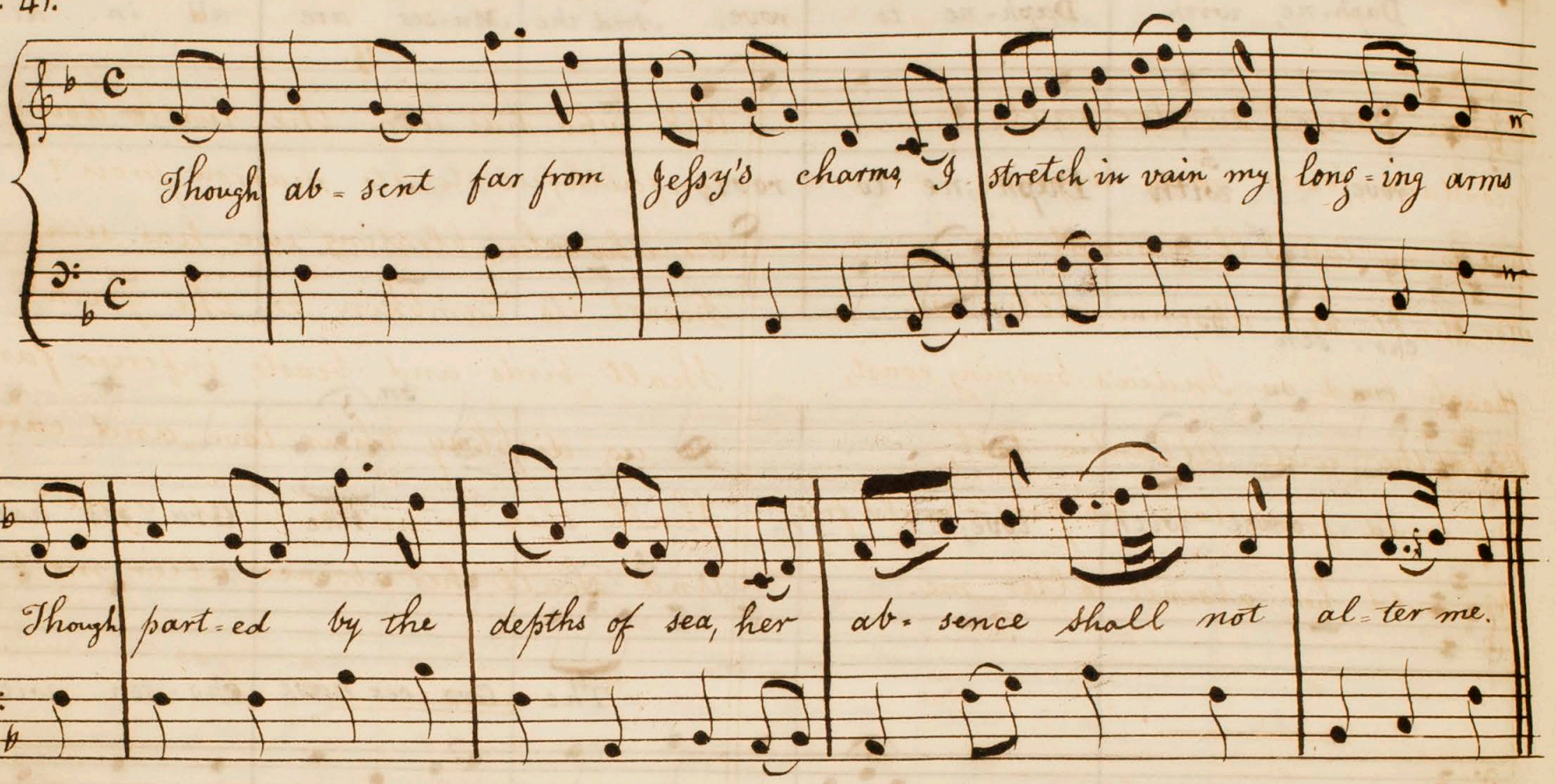
The Gra-ces have cho-sen with Daph- ne to

The Gra-ces have


For.
Daph=ne, with Daph=ne to rove, And the Mu=ses are all in al=
f.
rove, with Daph=ne to rove,
cho=sen f.
li=ance with love; For. The Gra=ces have
f.
The Gra=ces have cho=sen with
The Gra=ces have cho=sen with Daph=ne,
cho=sen with Daph=ne to rove, And the
Daph=ne to rove, And the
Mu ses are all in al=li=ance with love.
Mu=ses are all in al=li=ance with love.

Her absence will not alter me.

No. 41.



2.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile
Inconstant lovers may beguile;
But to my lass I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
My mind from love no pow'r could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

3.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun
Pursues him till his race is run;
See how the needle seeks the pole,
Nor distance can its pow'r control.
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the pole prove true?
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me?

4.

Ask who has seen the turtle dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert its lambkin on the green?
Shall birds and beasts, inferior far
To us, display their love and care?
Shall they in union sweet agree?
And shall her absence alter me?

5.

For conqu'ring love is strong as death,
Like vehement flames his pow'rful breath;
Through floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n through the sea's devouring deeps.
His vehement flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
My faithful Jessy then shall see
Her absence has not alter'd me.

The Maid of Llangollen.

Harmonized by W. Hawes.

No. 42. Affettuoso.

1st Treble. Though low-ly my lot, and though poor my es-tate, I

Second Treble.

Tenor. Though low-ly my lot, and though poor my es-tate, I

Bass.

Piano Forte ad lib. Affettuoso.

see with-out en-vy the wealthy and great; Con-tent-ed and proud a poor

see with-out en-vy the wealthy and great; Con-tent-ed and proud a poor

shep=herd to be, While the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles sweet=ly on

shep=herd to be, While the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles sweet=ly on

me, While the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles sweet=ly on me.

me, While the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles sweet=ly on me.

Volti.

Sol.

My way o'er the moun=tain I cheer=ful=ly take, At

My way o'er the moun=tain I cheer=ful=ly take, At

morn, when the song=birds their mel=o=dy wake; And at

morn, when the song=birds their mel=o=dy wake, And at

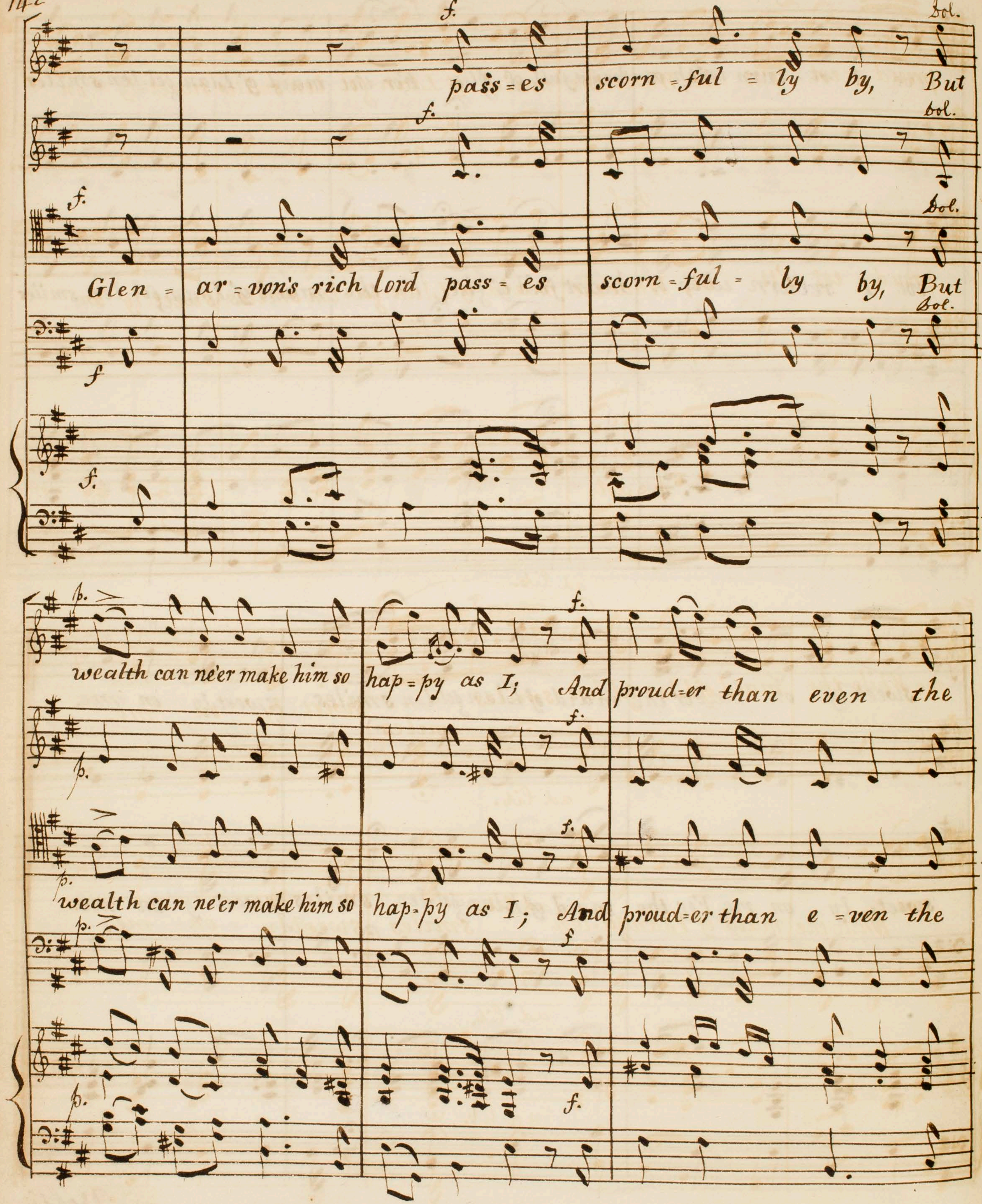
eve I re=turn with a heart full of glee, For the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles

eve I return with a heart full of glee, For the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles

sweet=ly on me, For the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles sweet=ly on me.

sweet= ly on me, For the maid of Llan=gol=len smiles sweet=ly on me.

Volti.


pass = es scorn = ful = ly by, But
Glen = ar = von's rich lord pass = es scorn = ful = ly by, But
wealth can ne'er make him so hap = py as I; And proud = er than even the
wealth can ne'er make him so hap = py as I; And proud = er than e = ven the

Bol.

proud = est I'll be, While the maid of Llan = gol = len smiles sweet = ly on

Bol.

proud = est I'll be, While the maid of Llan = gol = len smiles sweet = ly on

p. e dol

ad lib.

me, While the maid of Llan = gol = len smiles - - - sweet = ly on me.

smiles

ad lib.

me, While the maid of Llan = gol = len ad lib. smiles sweet = ly on me.

ad lib.

ad lib.

I have a green Purse.

air— A Rock and a wee pickle tow.

1. I have a green purse, & a wee pickle gowd, A bonny piece land and
fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd, But the best thing of a's yet

2. My Christy she's charming, and good as she's fair; Her een and her mou are en:
She smiles me on fire, her frown's gie despair, I love, while my heart gaes

planting on't. To grace it and trace it, and gie me delight, To
wanting on't.

chanting sweet; Thou fairest and dearest, De: light of my mind, Whose
panting wi't.

bless me, and kiss me, And comfort my sight, With beauty by day, and

gracious embraces by heaven were design'd For happiest transports and

kindness by night, And nae mair my lane gang saun:tring on't.
blisses re: fin'd, Nae langer de: lay thy granting sweet.

3.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;
Thus freed from laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and cheer me, With smiling consent,
Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say content,
I'm pleas'd wi' my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

Fairest, put on awhile.

air, Cummilum.

Moderate.

1. Fairest! put on awhile These pinions of light I bring thee, And o'er thy
2. Fields where the spring delays, And fearlessly meets the ardor Of the warm
3. Islets so freshly fair That never hath bird come nigh them But from his
4. Lakes where the pearl lies hid, and caves where the diamond's sleeping, Bright as the
5. Then, if, while scenes so grand, So beautiful, shine before thee, Pride for thy

own green isle In fancy let me wing thee never did Ariel's plume At
summer's gaze, With but her tears to guard her;- Rocks through myrtle boughs In
course through air Hath been won downward by them, Tipes, sweet maid, of thee, Whose,
gems that lid Of thine lets fall in weeping. glens, where Ocean comes To
own dear land should haply be stealing o'er thee, Oh, let grief come first, O'er

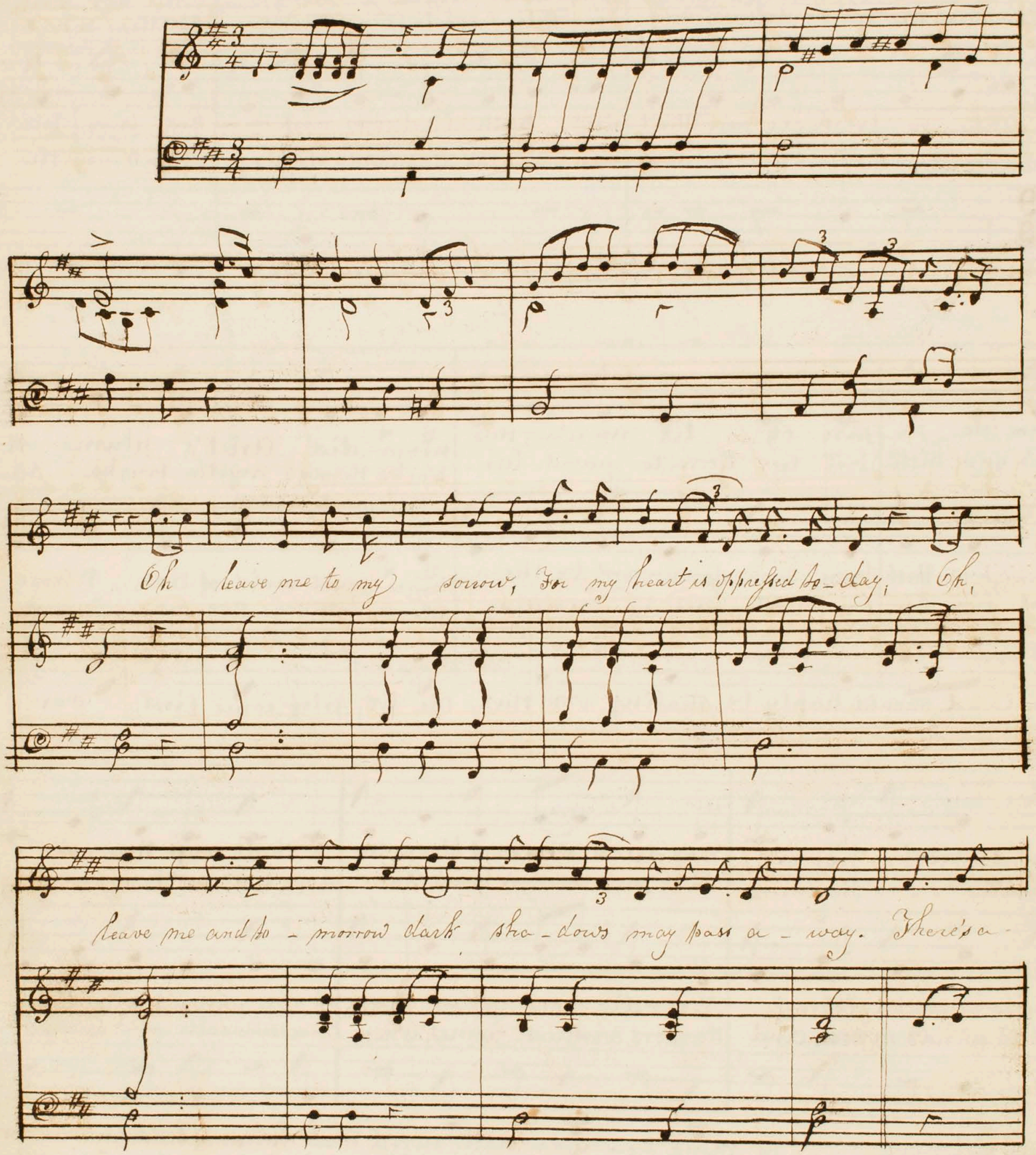
golden sunset hover O'er such scenes of bloom as I shall waft thee over:
grace majestic frowning- Like some warrior's brows That Love hath just been crowning.
look, whose blush inviting Never did Love yet see From Heav'n without alighting.
'scape the wild wind's rancor; And Harbors, worthiest homes, where Freedom's sails could anchor.
pride itself victorious, So think how man hath curs'd What heaven had made so glorious!

In describing the Skeligs, (islands of the Barony of Forth,) Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

Oh! leave me to my sorrow.

Written, Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte,

By Thomas Moore.



time when all that grieves us, is felt with a deeper gloom, There's a

time when hope de-ceives us, and we dream of bright days to come.

2

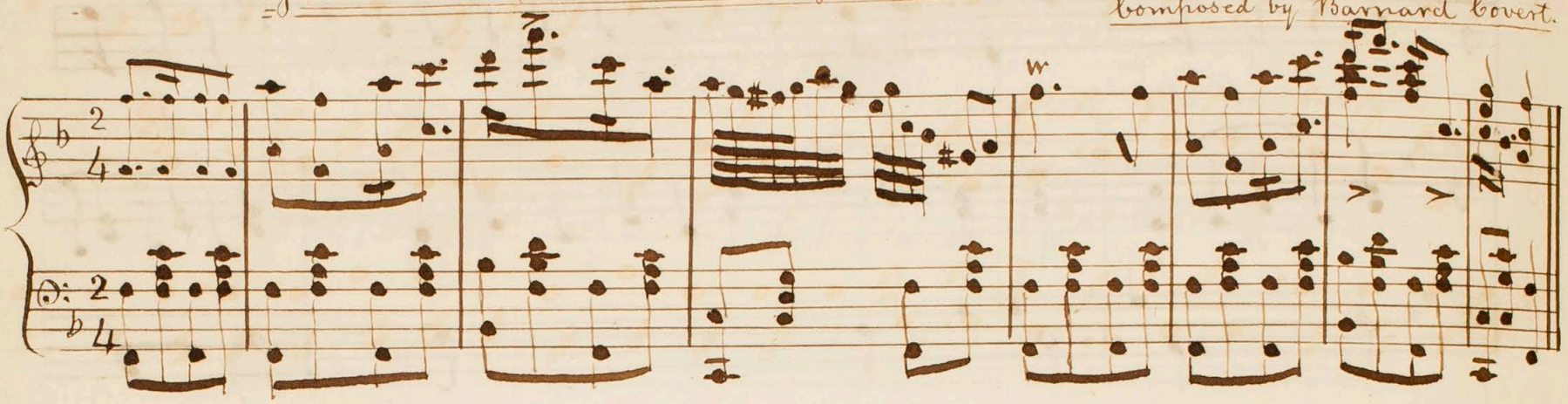
In winter from the mountain,
The stream like a torrent flows;
In summer the same fountain,
Is calm as a child's repose.
Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
And tears of despair gush on,
Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is done.

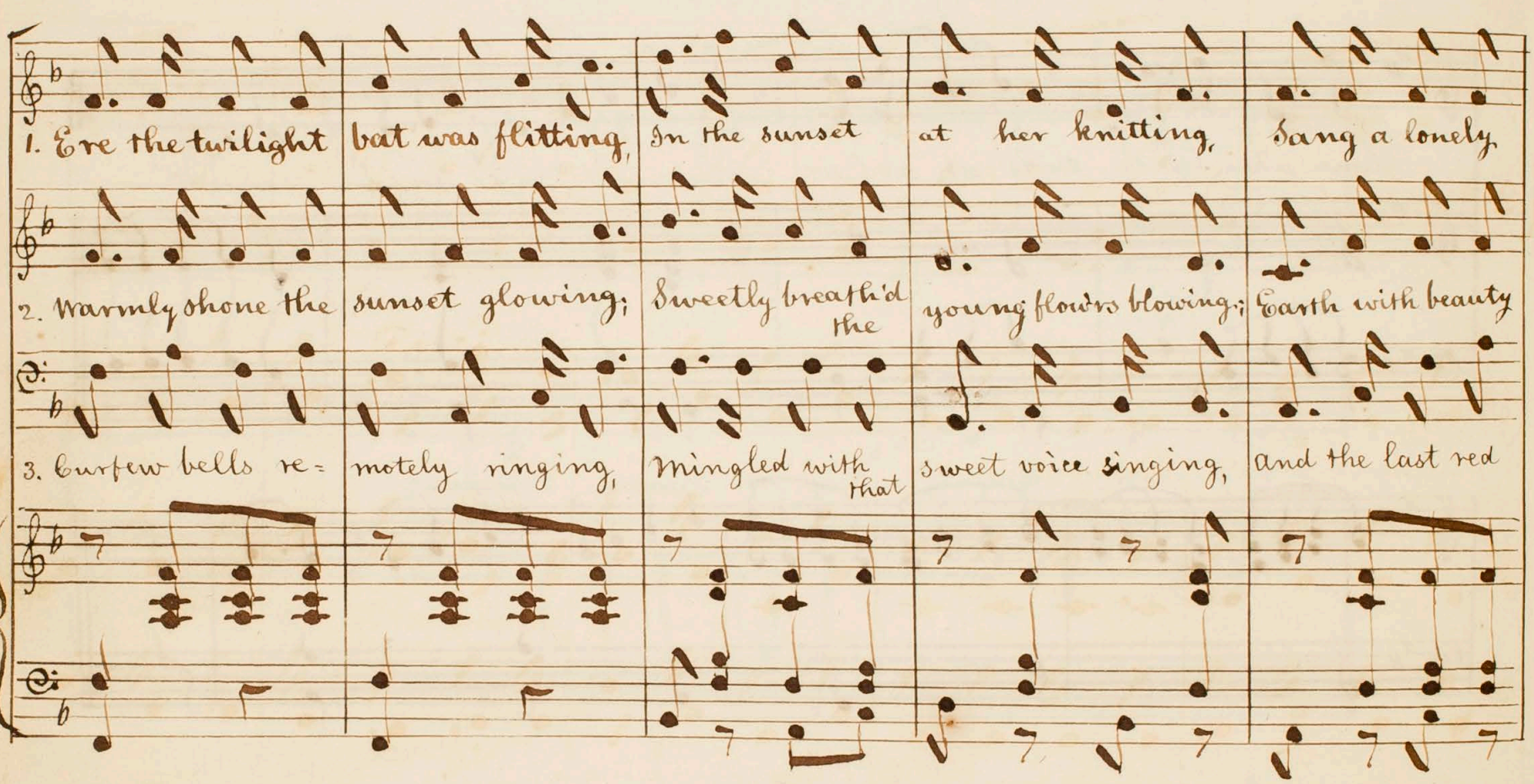
3

Then heed not my pensive hours,
Nor bid me be cheerful now;
Can sunshine raise the flowers
That droop on a blighted bough?
The lake of the tempest wears not
The brightness its slumber wore;
The heart of the mourner cares not
For joys, that were dear before.

Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.

composed by Barnard Covert.





4.

"Blow ye west winds! blandly hover
O'er the bark that bears my lover;
Gently blow, and bear him over
To his own dear home and me;
For, when night winds bend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow —
"Jamie's on the Stormy Sea"!

5

How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea;
And while yet her lips did name me
Forth I sprang — my heart o'ercame me
"Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie
Home returned to love and thee

maiden sitting. Underneath her threshold tree; And ere daylight died before us, And the vesper

overflowing seem'd the home of love to be, As those Angel tones ascending, With the scene and

ray seem'd clinging Ling'ringly to tower & tree. Nearer as I came, & nearer, Finer rose the

stars shone o'er us, Fitful rose her tender chorus— "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

season blending, Ever had the same low ending, "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

notes, and clearer; O! 'twas Heaven it- self to hear her— "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

8va loco.

Air.

From the oratorio of Solomon.

By Handel.

Larghetto.

Un poco piano.

p.

What though I trace each herb and flow'r, That drinks the morning

p

dew, Did I not own Je-ho-vah's pow'r, How vain were all I

pp

knew. How vain, how vain were all I knew— how

vain, How vain were all I knew.

What tho' I trace each herb and flow'r, That drinks the morning

dew, Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r, How

vain were all I knew, How vain were all I knew, How vain, how vain, how

vain were all I knew. How vain were all I knew.

p

f

Say, what's the rest but empty boast, The pedant's idle claim, The

p.

pedant's idle claim, Who having all the substance lost, at=

tempts to grasp a name. the pedant's idle claim;

The pedant's idle claim, who having all the

substance lost, attempts to grasp a name, attempts to grasp a name.

Busk ye, busk ye.

Written by W. R. Hamilton, Esq. Air—The Braes of Yarrow.

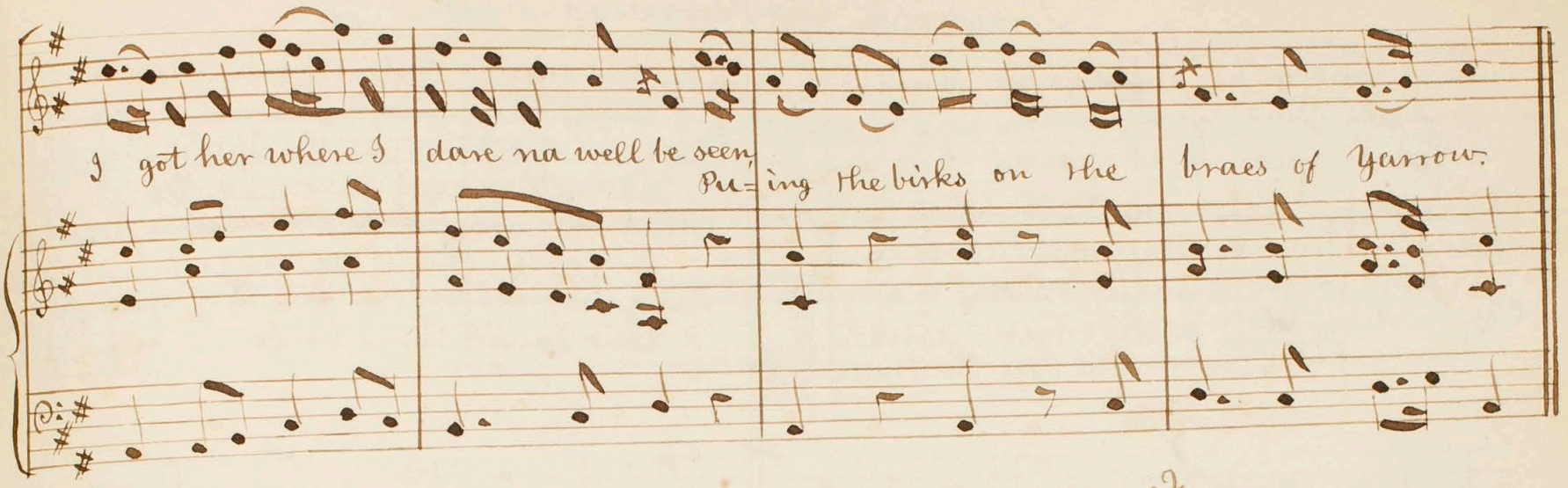
Affettuoso.

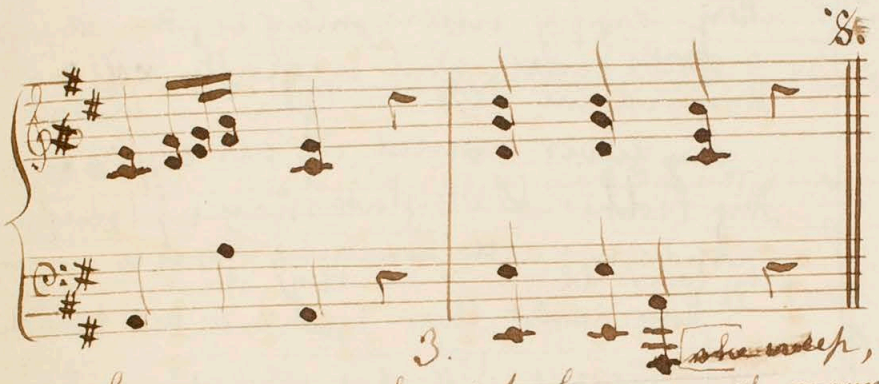
Pia.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride and think nae mair on the braes of yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny, bonny bride? Where got ye that winsome marrow?





3.

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow;
For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes of Yarrow.

2.

A. Weep not, Weep not, my bonny bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome mar- (row;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome mar- (row?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

4.

Why runs thy stream O yarrow, Yarrow, red
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
What yonder floats on the |: rueful :| stream,
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'tis he, the comely swain I slew,
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

5.

Wash, O wash |: his wounds :| in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule & sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.
|: Then build :| ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in wae ful wise
His hapless fate on the braes of
Yarrow.

6

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.
Did I not warn thee not not to lue,
And warn from fight? But to my sor-
Ow rashly bald, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yar-

7

Sweet smells the birk; green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan
Flows Yarrow sweet! as sweet flows Tweed
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

8

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Tho' he was fair and well beluved again,
Than me he never lued thee better.
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

9

How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve
My luve, as he had not been a luver.

10

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!
Ah! wretched me! I little kend
He was in these to meet his ruin.
The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the tofal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

11

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my luve and left me mourning.
What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo [me

12

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.
My brother Douglass may upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to move me
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

13

Yes, yes prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar ye bridal maids the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.
But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon [Lover?
Comes in his pale shroud bleeding

14

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O! lay his cold head on my pillow;
Tak' aff, tak' aff, these bridal weids
And crown my careful head with willow.
Pale though thou art yet best, yet best beluved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

15

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter!
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.
Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow

You remember Annie.

Border Ballads. No. 6.

allegretto scherzo.

You remember Annie, She was young & fair, Wealthier than many Who had gold to spare.

not another creature, Search the wide world through, Had such shape & feature,

Slento. a tempo.

Owe'd such eyes of blue. all the young in duty, Bow'd to

her the knee; But the scornful beauty, Nothing answer'd she.

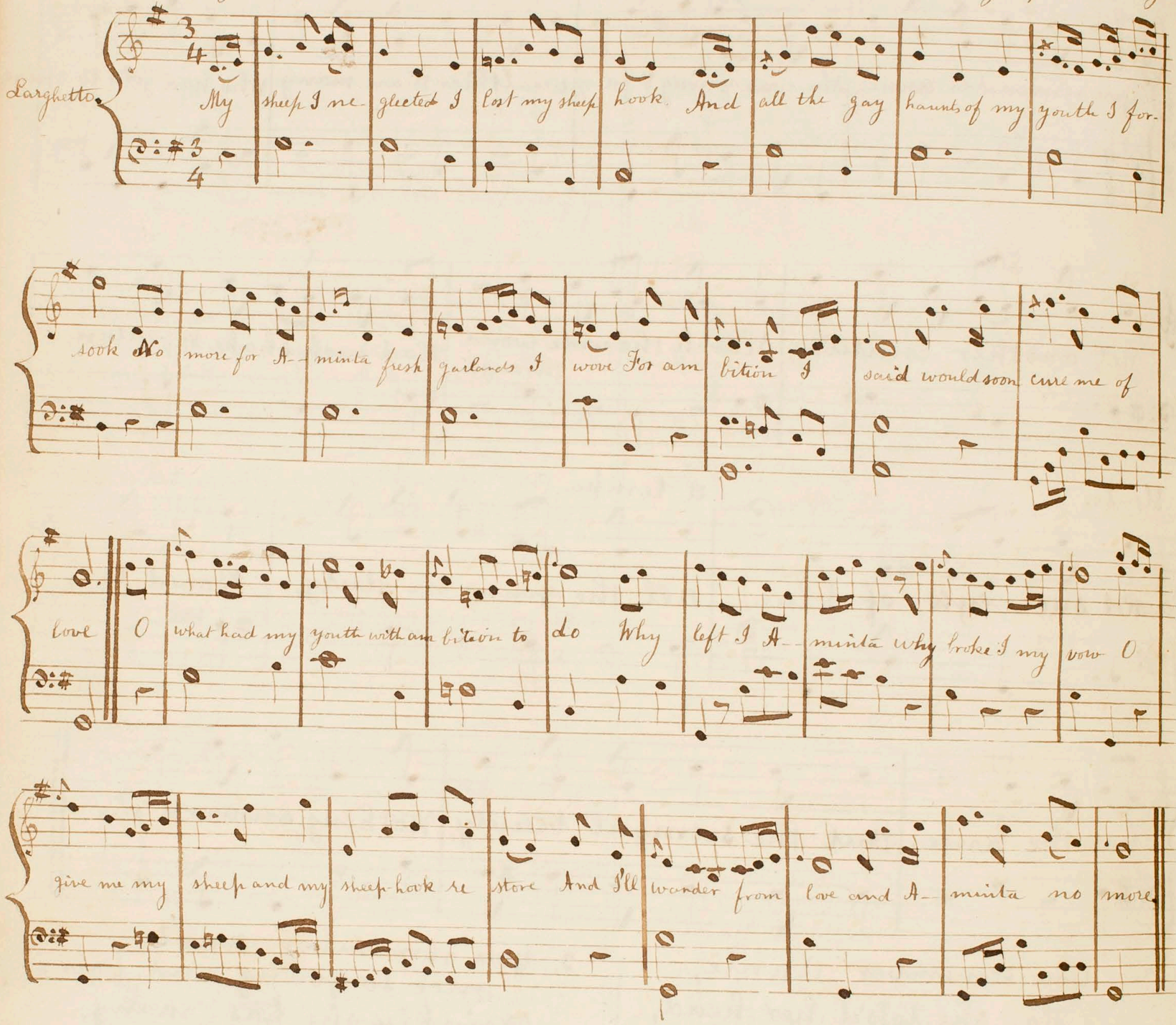
2. You remember Annie,
How she tofs'd her head,
When she heard that nannie,
Kate and Jane were wed;
She was young no longer,
But she still was fair,
And a reason stronger,—
She had gold to spare!
Some came yet to woo her,
But she doubted then,
Why the beaux came to her;
So she scorn'd again.

3. You remember annie,
Once so young and fair;
Wrinkles she has many,
Many a silv'ry hair;
Though she'd beaux in plenty,
Though still wealthy she,
Those who come at twenty,
Fail at forty-three.
She too late repented,
Ceas'd to flout and scold;
None she's long tormented
Come for love or gold!

My sheep I neglected.

Written by Sir Gilbert Elliot.

Air — My Apron Deary.



Through regions remote in vain do I rove
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that aught can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd Aminta no more can be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again!

Lovely Lady Mary.

Border Ballads, No. 2.

Andante, ma non troppo.

1. 'Twas lovely Lady Mary, The pride of Scotland's Earl; Whose tresses were of auburn, Whose brow was like the pearl; Whose gentleness had won her full many a wealthy Knight, That he lov'd her full well. "Ye have no wealth, no broad lands," so spake the stern old Earl; "Then sought the proud Earl's dwelling, Their deem not in your bosom to fealty there to plight. But place my lovely pearl." Oh! cold was Lady Mary to all who came to woo, Though nobler gallants were not, search bonnie Scotland through.

2. 'Twas lovely Lady Mary Had met in silent dell, Young Donald of the Islands, & Donald came to woo, and braver gallant liv'd not, search bonnie Scotland through.

3. 'Twas gentle Lady Mary, yet none, alas! could trace
The sunshine of the beauty once beaming in her face!
In grief she lov'd to wander within that silent dell,
Where ev'ry flowret told her of him she lov'd so well;
And then the Earl relented—"Let Donald come to woo,
Although he be the poorest, search bonnie Scotland through."

4. 'Twas lovely Lady Mary was waiting in the hall,
Three sturdy men had ridden young Donald back to call;
From day to day they sought him, and when at last he came,
A belted knight was Donald, of honor and of fame:
Then blithe was Lady Mary, for Donald came to woo,
And truer love there ne'er was, search bonnie Scotland through.

Sweet Annie.

Harmonized by Beethoven.

Andante Espressivo.

1. Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came, where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side. ah!
2. I met our wealthy Laird yestreen, wi' gowd in hand he tempted me. He
3. Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair, and fairly cast your pipe away;
4. Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head, and gar your waves be calm and still; My

wha can keep their heart at hame, When Jocky's tofs'd a = boon the tide.
prais'd my brow, my rolling een, and made a brag of what he'd gie.
Jocky wad be troubled sair to see his friend his love betray:
hameward sail with breezes speed, and dinna a' my pleasure spill:

Far aff to distant lands he gangs, yet I'll be true as he has been; and
What though my Jocky's far away, Joss'd up and down the awsome main, I'll
For a' your songs & verse are vain, While Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My
What though my Jocky's far away, yet he will braw in siller shine; I'll

when ilk lafs a= bout him thrangs, He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.
keep my heart an= other day, since Jocky may re= turn again.
heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.
keep my heart an= ither day, since Jocky may re= turn again.

Song.

Words by Burns.

slow and plaintive.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest, Fare thee well, thou best and dearest,

Thine be ev'ry joy and treasure, Thine enjoyment love and pleasure.

One fond kiss, and then we sev- er, One fare- well, a- las! for ever;

Still my heart is in thy bosom, Thou my first & only chosen.

To forget thee, Love, I canna,
nothing can resist my anna,
If to see her be to love her,
Love but once, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Who can say that Fortune grieves him,
While a ray of hope she leaves him?
But no cheerful twinkle lights me,
Care and sighs so close benight me.
One fond kiss, and then we sever,
This embrace, then part for ever;
Still my heart is in thy bosom,
Thou my first and only chosen.

The Snow.

Words by Charles Lamb.
Adapted to an Old English Melody.

Andante affettuoso.

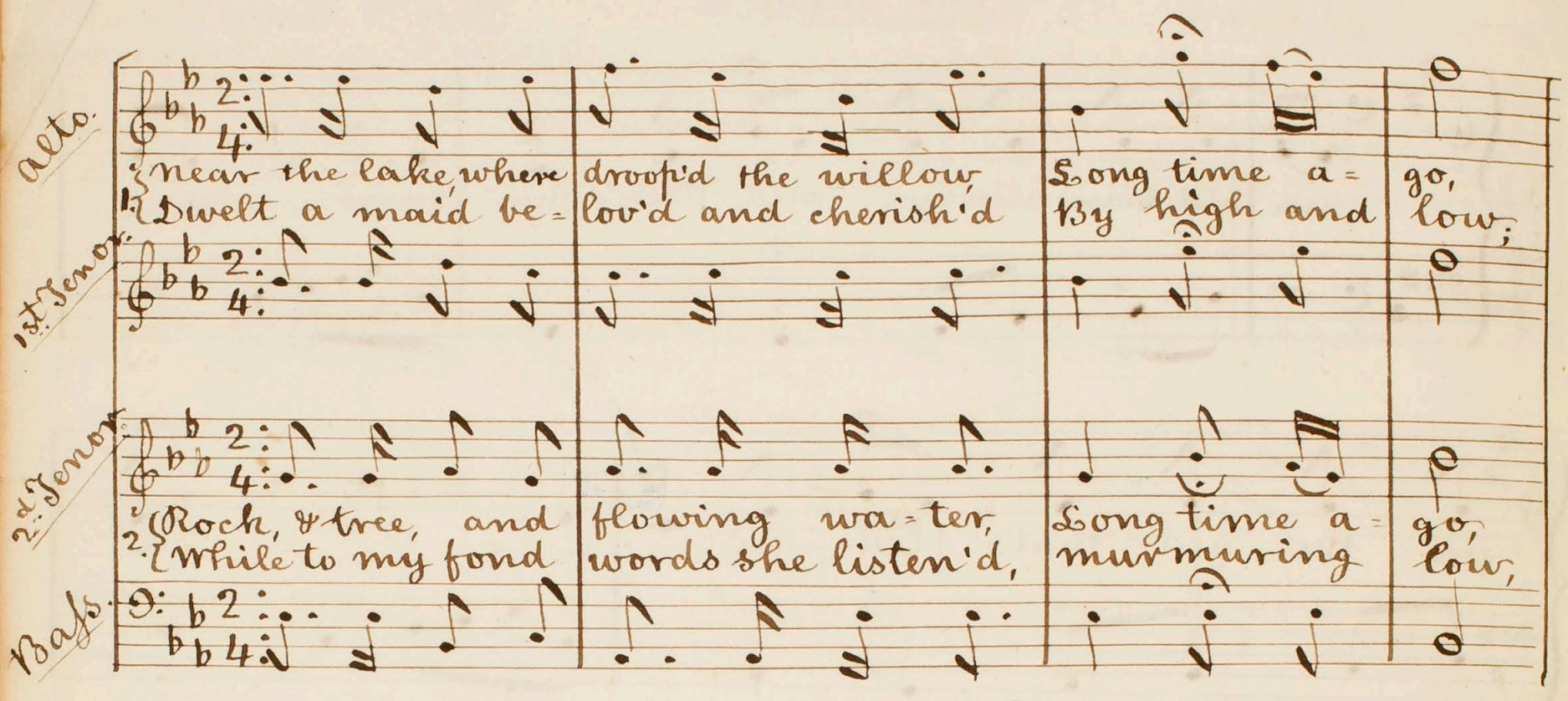
An old man slowly said, "Where's the snow, That fell the year that's fled? where's the snow? As fruitless was the task of many a joy that's past, Of many a joy that's past, as the snow.

The hope of airy birth, like the snow,
Is stain'd on reaching earth, like the snow:
While 'tis sparkling in the ray,
'Tis melting fast away—
'Tis melting fast away, like the snow.

A cold, deceitful thing is the snow;
Though it comes on dove-like wing, the false snow,
'Tis but rain disguis'd appears,
And our hopes are frozen tears,
Our hopes are frozen tears, like the snow.

Long Time ago.

For four voices.

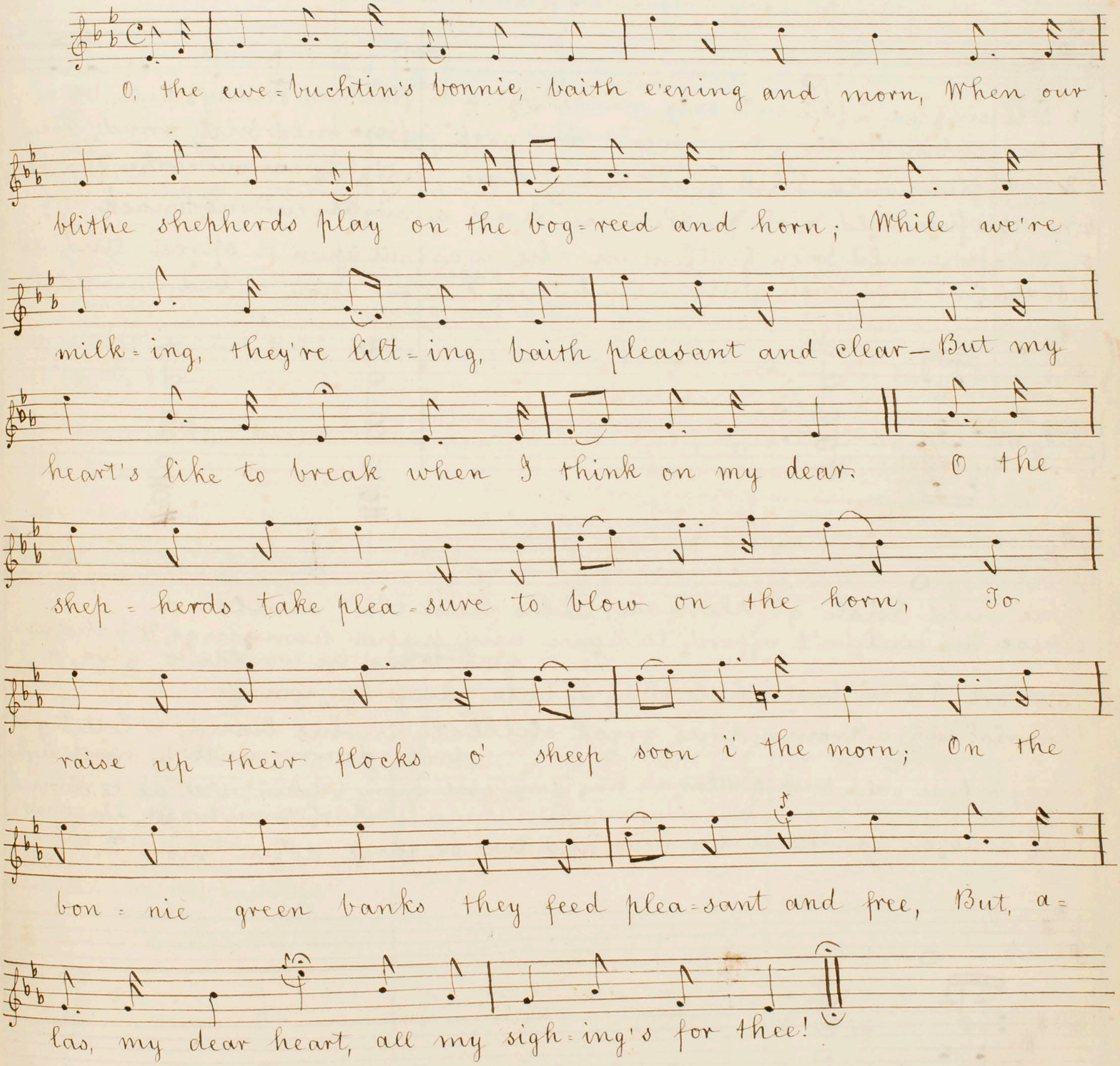


3.

Mingled were our hearts for ever, Long time ago;
Can I now forget her? — Never, — No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given, Ever to flow;
She's the Star I miss'd from Heaven, Long time ago.

Air of "The Ewe-buchtin's bonnie."

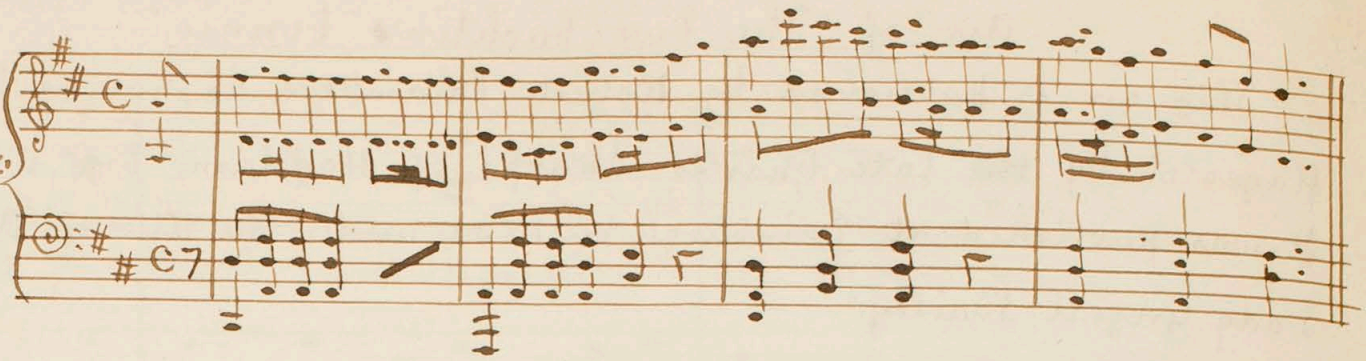
This air is published by Robert Chambers, as having been "composed for the flageolet by the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., when seven years old." It was published at Edinburgh in 1838, under the title of "Absence: the words by Lady Grizell Bailey."



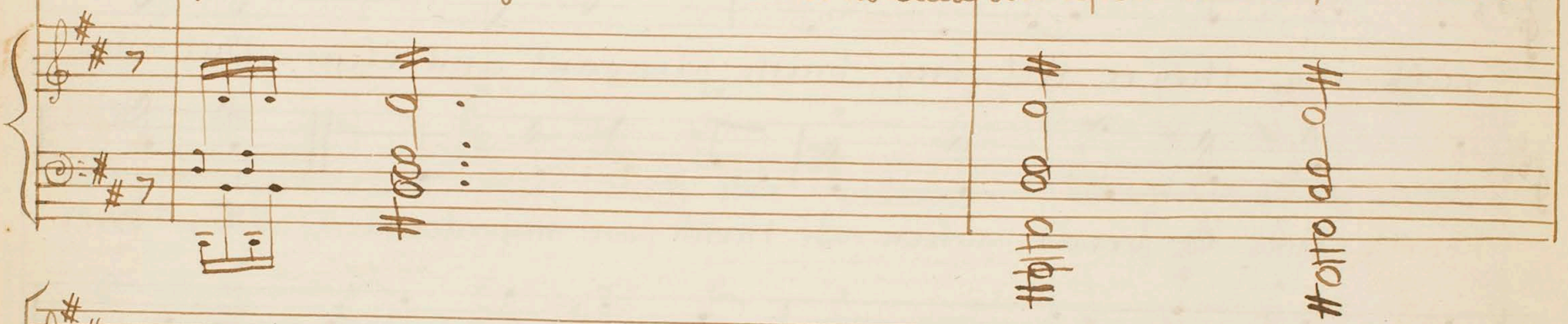
The fine ould Irish Gintleman.

An old English air.

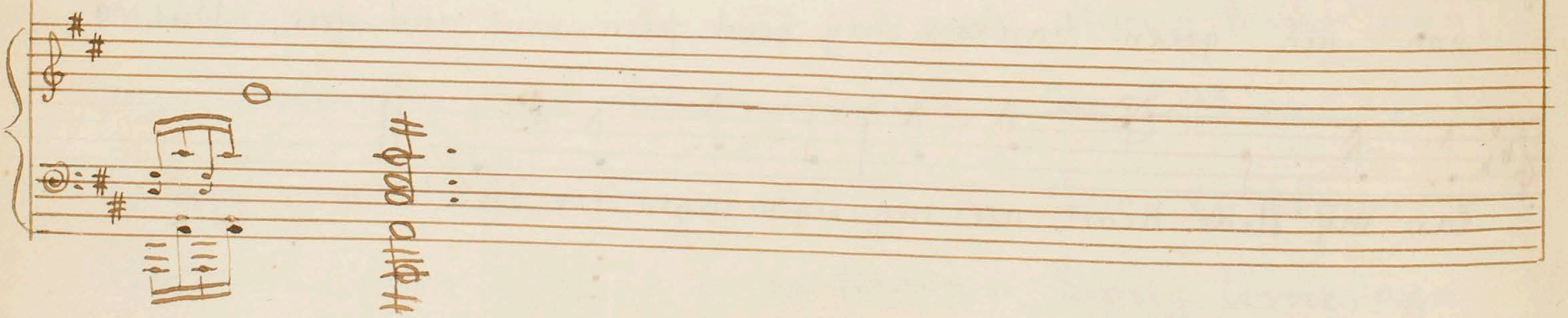
Words by J. Brougham.



1. I'll sing you a fine ould song, made by a fine ould Paddy's pate, Of a
2. His cabin walls were cover'd o'er with fine ould Irish mud, Be=
3. now / this fine ould Irish gintleman wore mighty curious clothes, Tho' for
4. now this fine ould Irish gintleman had a mighty curious knack Of
5. This fine ould Irish gintleman he was out upon a spree, and as
6. So this fine ould Irish gintleman he was once laid out upon a bed, with



1. fine ould Irish gintleman, who had the devil a
2. cause he couldn't afford to have any paper hangings, & between you & me he wouldn't give a
3. comfort I'd be bail that they'd bate any of your
4. flourishing a tremendous great shillaly in his hand, & letting it drop down with a most un=
5. many a fine ould Irish gintleman has done, and more betoken will do to the end end of time, he got about as
6. half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three dozen more or



1. taste of an estate, Ex=
2. pin for them if he could, and
3. fashionable beaux; For
4. compromising whack; So of
5. dhrunk as he could be; His
6. lef about his head; But

cept a fine ould patch of pitatys, that he liked ex=
just as proud as Julius Sayzer, or Alexander the Great, this inde=
pendent
whin the sun was very hot, the gintle wind right through his
ventilation garments most
most superior shindies you may take your oath, if you ever
happen to be called upon for it, he very nearly
sinses was completely multhavered, & the consequence was, that
he could
whin the whiskey bottle was uncorked, he couldn't stand it any
longer, so he

Hotto

Hot

1. ceedingly to ate, For they
2. ragamuffin stood, With a
3. beautifully blows; and he's
4. niver had a lack; and it's
5. neither hear nor see, So they
6. riz right up in bed; and

were beef to him, & mutton too, & barring a red herring
or a rusty rasher of bacon now and thin, almost every
glafs of fine ould Irish whiskey in his fist, which he's
cidedly of opinion will do a
niver troubled with any corns, & I'll tell you why — because
he despises the wakenefs of wearing any thing as hard as
very natural and not at all surprising to suppose that
the fine ould Irish mud was well ac=
thought he was stone dead & gone entirely, so the best thing
they could do would be to have him waked &
whin such mighty fine stuff as that is goin' about, says he, you
don't think I'd be such a soft=headed

1. other sort of mate: yet this
2. mighty dale of good So "
3. leather on his toes; Yet "
4. quainted with the back Of "
5. buried dacently, Sike a
6. fool as to be dead! — O this

fine ould Irish gintleman was
" " " " —
" " " " was
" " " " —
" " " " —
" " " " 'it was

one of the rale ould stock.
all " " " " "
one " " " " "
all " " " " "
" " " " "
mighty hard to kill.

Row, gently row.

The Boat Trio, composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

Siciliano.

Row, row, not a beam To guide us down the swelling stream; Row,

Row, gently row, There's not a beam To guide us down the swelling stream; Row, gently

Row, gently row, there's not a beam To guide us down the swelling stream; Row, gently

row, let not an oar dis = turb the slumber of the shore, dis= turb the slumber

row, let not an oar dis = turb the slumber of the shore, dis= turb the slum-ber

row, let not an oar dis turb the slumber of the shore, dis= turb the slumber

of the shore, dis = turb the slum-ber of the shore, of the shore.

of the shore, dis = turb the slumber of the shore, of the shore.

of the shore, dis = turb the slumber of the shore; of the shore.

1st. 2d.

ad lib.

tr

Love our lit = tle bark shall guide, Safe = ly

Love now our lit = tle bark shall guide, Safe = ly

Love now our lit = = tle bark shall guide, Safe = ly

for. pia.

through the mur = m'ring tide, Safe = ly through the

through the murm'ring tide, Safe = ly through the

through the murm'ring tide, Safe = ly through the

for:

dim.

murm'ring ti - - - - - - - de, Though o'er the wa - ters

dim.

murm'ring ti - - - - - - - de, Though o'er the wa - ters

dim.

murm'ring ti - - - - - - - de, Though o'er the wa - ters

dim.

cres. dim.

scarce a ray Is seen to cheer our wa - vy way.

cres. dim.

scarce a ray Is seen to cheer our wa - vy way.

cres. dim.

scarce a ray Is seen to cheer our wa - vy way.

cres. dim.

V. S.

Row, - - gently row, Deep are the streams that dark-ly flow.

cres.

Row - - -, gently row - -, Deep are the streams that dark-ly flow.

cres.

Row, row, gently row, Deep are the streams that dark-ly flow.

cres.

7

Row - - - - - -, gent-ly row - -, Deep are the streams that

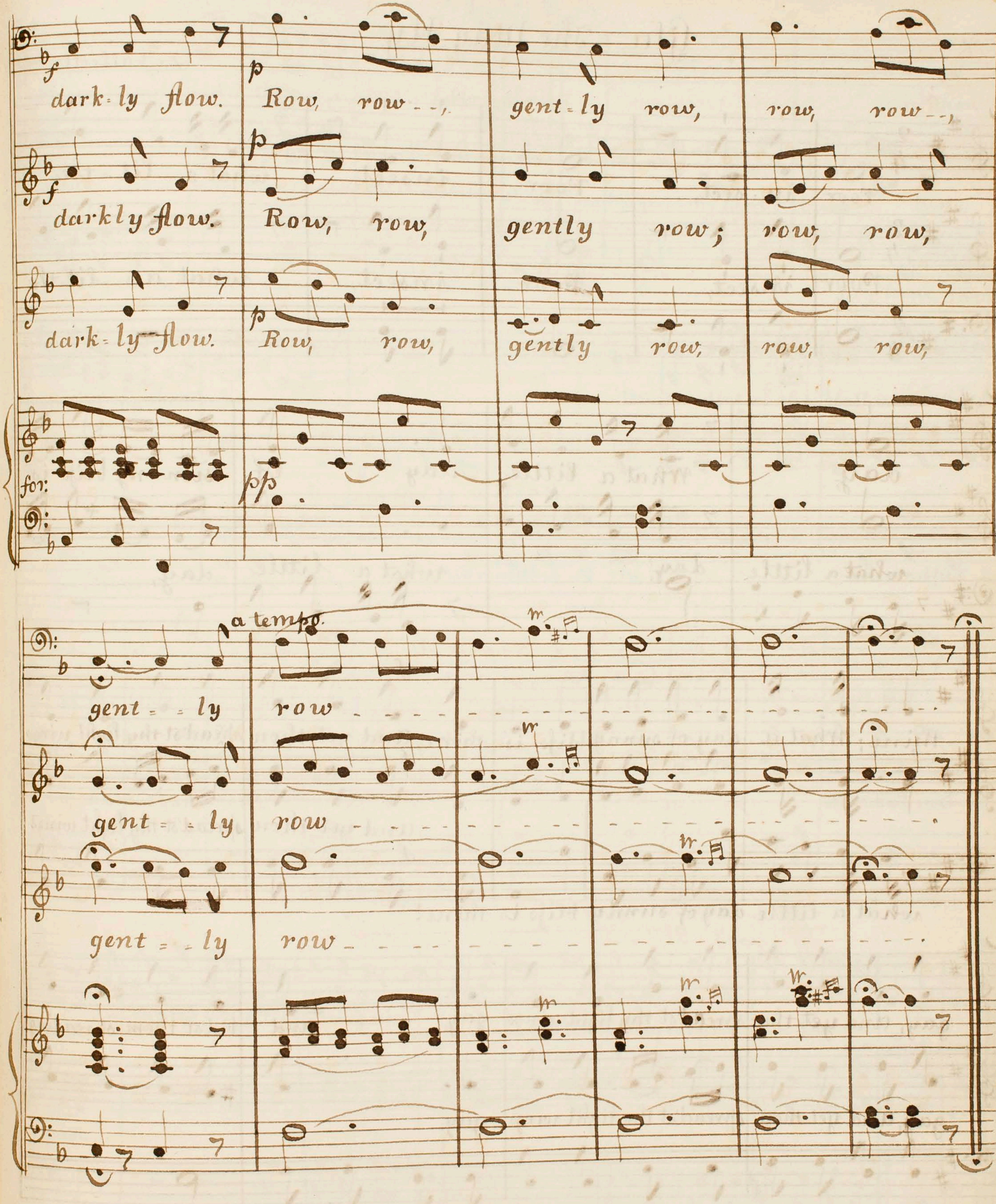
cres.

Row - - - - - -, gently row - -, Deep are the streams that

7

Row, row, gently row, Deep are the streams that

cres.


f
dark = ly flow.
p
Row, row - - ,
gent = ly row,
row, row - - ,
f
darkly flow.
p
Row, row,
gently row;
row, row,
dark = ly flow.
p
Row, row,
gently row,
row, row,
for:
pp
a tempo.
gent = - ly row - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
gent = - ly row - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
gent = - ly row - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Glee. The May Fly.

Dr. Callcott.

Poor in-sect, Poor in-sect, what a lit-tle

Poor in-sect, Poor in-sect, what a lit-tle

day, what a little day, what a little day, Of sun-my bliss is

what a little day, what a little day,

thine; What a day of sunny bliss is thine, And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

what a little day of sunny bliss is thine!

gay, And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, and bid'st them spreading

gay, And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,

and bid'st them spread,

1 2

shine, and bid'st them spreading shine, shine. Thou

shine, and bid'st them spreading spreading shine, shine. Thou humm'st thy short & busy tune,

spreading shine, & bid'st them spreading shine. shine. Thou humm' - - - - st thy tune, thou

humm'st thy short & bu = sy tune, Un mindful of the blast, unmindful

Un = mindful of the blast,

humm - - - 'st thy tune, Unmindful of the blast, unmindful

of the blast, And careleſs while 'tis burning noon, and careleſs while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon is

of the blast, and careleſs while 'tis burning noon, & careleſs while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon is

and careleſs while 'tis burn = = ing noon, How

fres.

past. and careleſs while 'tis burning noon, and careleſs while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon, that noon has past.

past.

fres. that noon has past.

and careleſs while 'tis burn - - - - - ing noon, How short that noon,

Volti.

A shower would lay, would lay thy beauty low, a shower would lay, would lay thy beauty low,
The dew of twilight

A shower would lay thy beauty low, A shower would lay thy beauty low,

be - - thy storm of des = ti = ny.
thy storm of des = ti = ny.
The

The torrent of thy overthrow, The torrent of thy overthrow,

p.
Thy storm of des = ti = ny.
Then, then,
p.

torrent of thy overthrow, Thy storm of des = ti = ny.
Then, then,
p.

in = sect,
then, then,
insect,
spread thy shining
wing,

insect,
then, then,
insect,
spread thy shining

spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy busy lay, Hum on thy busy

wing, spread thy shining wing,

Hum on thy bu=sy lay, thy bu=sy

f

lay;

For man, like thee, has but his spring, for man, like thee, has but his

lay;

f

For man, like thee, has but his spring, for man, like thee has but his

f

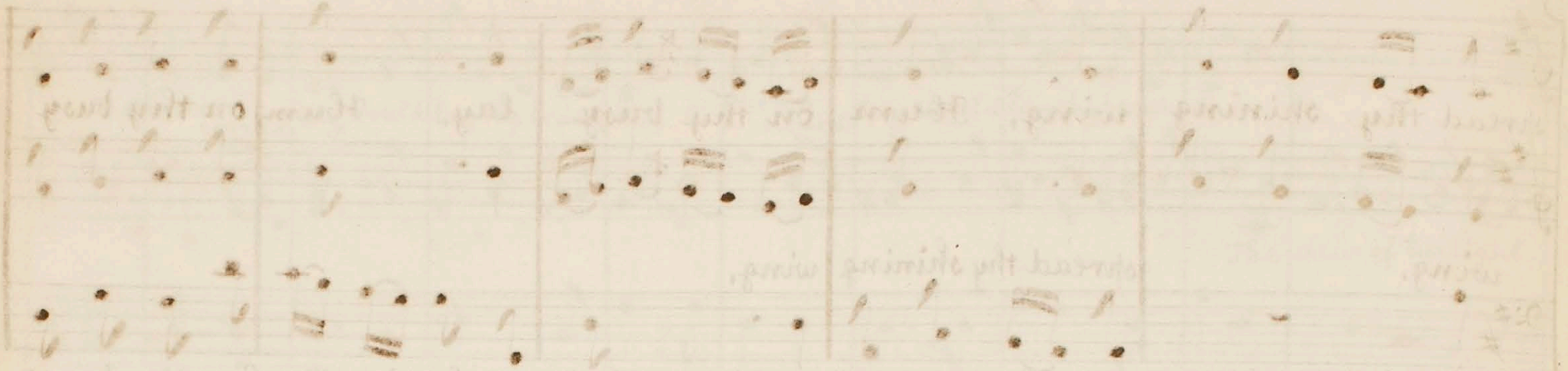
spring, Like thine it fades a=way For man, like thee has but his Spring, For

spring, Like thine it fades a=way.

For man, like thee, has

man, like thee has but his Spring, like thine, like thine it fades a=way.

but his spring, has but his spring, Like thine, like thine, it fades a=way.



Poor Robin's Dream,

commonly called Poor Charity.

To the tune of "A Game at Cards.

[An ancient ballad, but clearly with some modern interpolations, especially near the end. It is a sort of Morality, or Moral-play, in the form of a song, and the allusions to the stage and to impersonations upon it, such as Time, Conscience, Plain-dealing, Dissimulation, Youth, Age, &c., are obvious. Poor Robin figured afterwards very prominently in many popular productions. To the title we have placed at the head, the following distich is added:—

"I know no reason but this harmless riddle
May as well be printed as sung to a fiddle;"

and it was accordingly "Printed by J. Lock for J. Clark at the Harp and Bible in West Smith-field:" this certainly was not the earliest impression, though no older copy has yet come to light. The information regarding the tune, in a still more modern impression, is unusually minute:—"To a compleate tune, well known to Musitians and many others, or a game at cards."]

Copied from John Payne Collier's "Book of Roxburghe Ballads."

How now, good fellow! what, all amort?
I pray thee, tell me what is the news?—
Trading is dead, and I am sorry for't,
Which makes me look worse then I use.
If a man hath no employment, whereby to get penny,
He hath no enjoyment in that he wanteth money;
And charity is not used by many.

I have nothing to spend, nor I've nothing to lend;
I've nothing to do, I tarry at home.
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into a sleep, like and idle drone;
And as I slept I fell into a dream:
I saw a play acted without er'e a theam,
But I could not tell what the play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
And something more I did understand:
The stage was the world wherein we live,
The actors they were all mankind;
And when the play is ended the stage down they fling,
There will be no difference in this thing
Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that acted, I protest,
Was Time, with a glass and a sithe in his hand,
With the globe of the world upon his breast,
To show that he could the same command.
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time that doth call us all away.

Conscience in order takes his place,
And very gallantly plays his part:
He fears not to fly in a ruler's face,
Although it cuts him to the heart.
He tells them all, this is the latter age,
Which put the actors into such a rage,
That they kickt poor Conscience off the stage.

Plain-dealing presently appears,
In habit like a simple man:
The actors at him made mocks and jears,
Painting their fingers as they ran.
How came this fellow in our company?
Away with him! many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-dealing will a beggar dye.

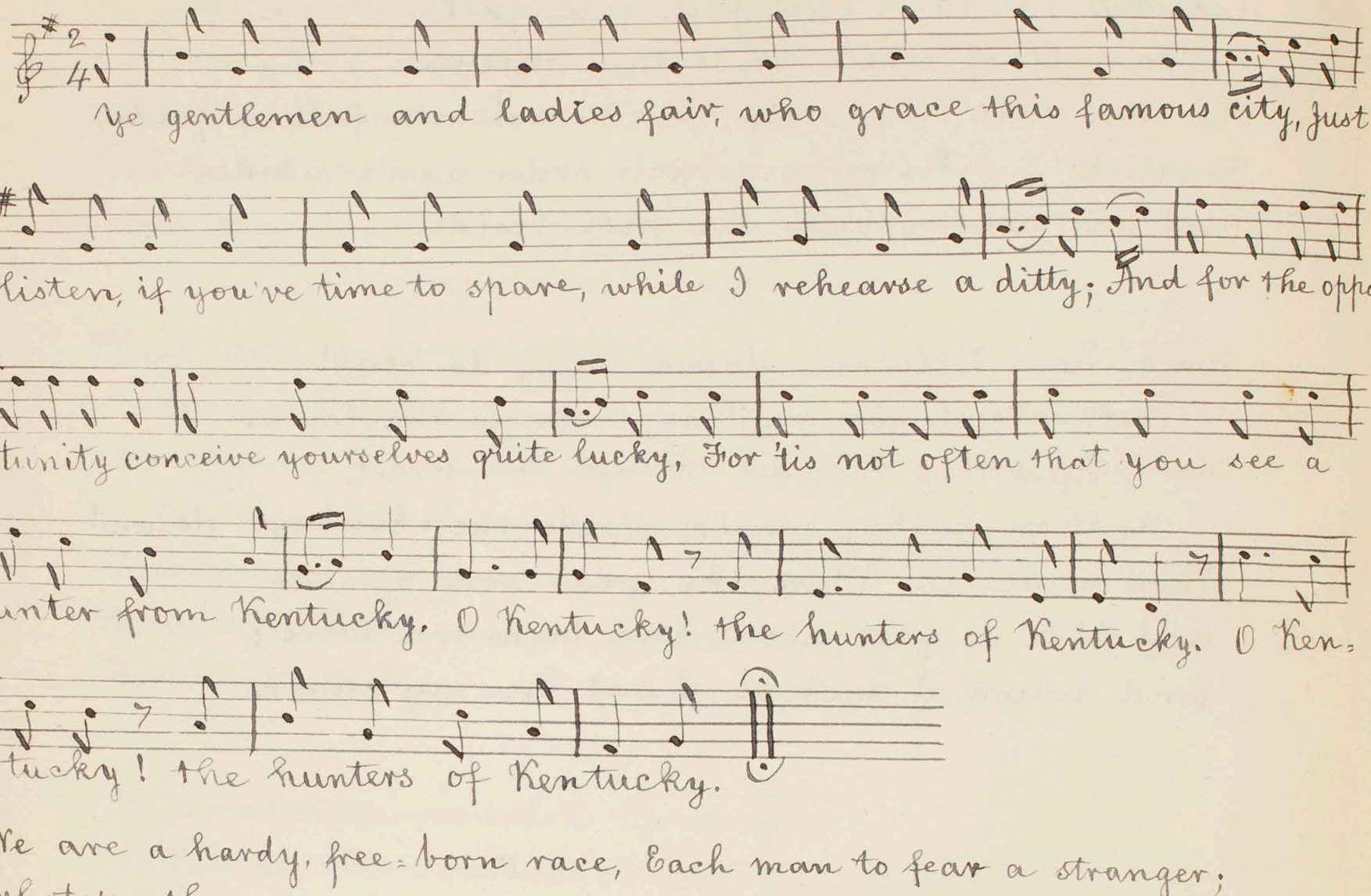
Dissimulation mounted the stage;
But he was cloathed in gallant attire:
He was acquainted with youth and with age;
Many his company did desire.
They entertain'd him in their very breast;
There he could have harbor, and quietly rest,
For dissemblers and turn-coats fare the best.

Then cometh in poor Charity:
Methinks she looked wondrous old;
She quiver'd and she quak't most piteously,
It griev'd me to think she was grown so cold.
She had been in the city, and in the country,
Amongst the lawyers and nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, well cloathed in wool,
But like unto Youth in his white Lawn sleeves,
And says, the land it is full, full, full,
Too full of rebels worse then theeves.
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride,
Fanaticks full of envy, which order can't abide;
And the usurers bags are full beside.

Hark, how Bellona's drums they do beat!
Methinks it goes rattling through the town.
Hark, how they thunder through the street,
As though they would shake the chimneys down!
Then comes in Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about, and be as we were;
And when I awakt I sat in my chair.

The Hunters of Kentucky.



We are a hardy, free=born race, Each man to fear a stranger;
Whate'er the game, we join in chase, Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys, Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys Are alligator horses. O Kentucky! &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints, How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince—But soon his schemes repented;
For we, with rifles ready cocked, Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around their General flocked The hunters of Kentucky. O Ken! &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans Is famed for wealth and beauty—
There's girls of every hue, it seems, From snowy white to sooty.
So Packenham he made his brags, If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags In spite of old Kentucky.
O Kentucky! &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake, And wasn't scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take With our Kentucky rifles;
He led us down to Cypress swamp—The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp, But here was old Kentucky.
O Kentucky! &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast; Not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to rest Unless the game is flying:
Behind it stood our little force—none wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse And half an alligator.
O Kentucky! &c.

They did not let our patience tire, Before they showed their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire, So snugly kept our places;
But when so near to see them wink, We thought it time to stop 'em;
And 'twould have done you good, I think, To see Kentuckians drop 'em.
O Kentucky! &c.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight, Where lead was all their booty;
And so they wisely took to flight, And left us all our beauty.
And now, if danger e'er annoys, Remember what our trade is:
Just send for us Kentucky Boys, And we'll protect you, Ladies.
O. Kentucky! &c.

The Battle of Stonington.

Three gallant ships from England came,
And freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safe arrived—the work begun,
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A Yankee then popp'd up his head,
And Parson Jones's sermon read,
In which the reverend Doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Briton soon began to blaze,
And put the old women in amaze,
Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repair'd,
And made as though they little car'd
For all their shot—though very hard
They blazed away at Stonington.

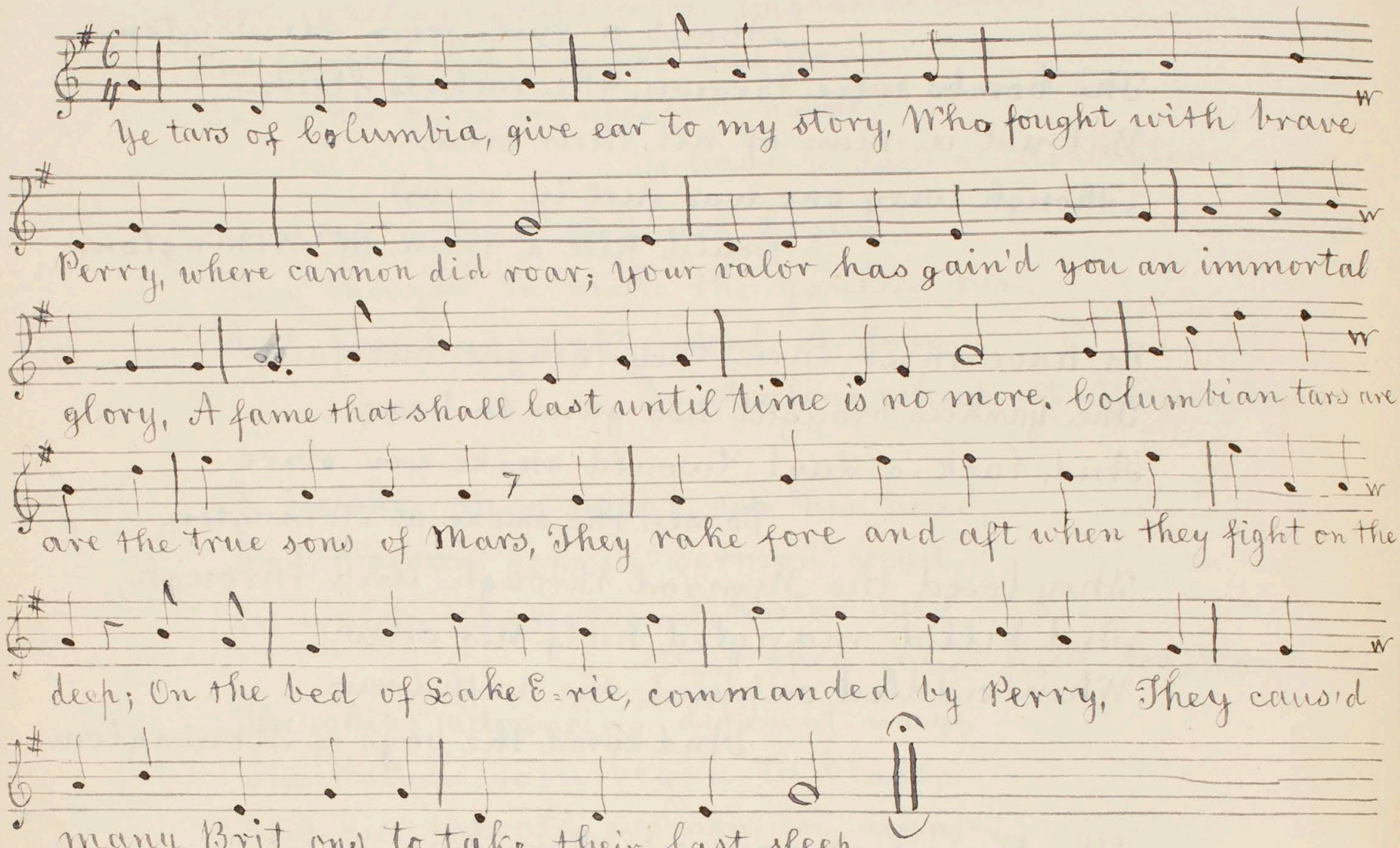
The Ramilies began their attack,
And Nimrod made a mighty crack,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The old Razee, with hot ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
A codfish flake did sadly maul,
About a mile from Stonington.
The bombs were thrown, the rockets flew,—
But not a man of all their crew,
(Though every one was full in view,)
Could kill a man of Stonington.

To have their turn, they thought but fair:
The yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, lack-a-day! 'twould make you stare
To see the smoke at Stonington.
They bored the Nimrod through and through,
And kill'd mangled half her crew;
When riddled, crippled, she withdrew,
And curs'd the boys of Stonington.

The Ramilies gave up their fray,
And with her comrades sneak'd away;
Such was the valour on that day
Of British Boys at Stonington.
But some assert on certain grounds,
Besides the damage and the wounds,
It cost the King ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

Perry's Victory.



The tenth of September, let us all remember,
So long as the globe on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines, on Lake Erie were seen
To make the proud flag of Grea Britain come down.
The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down:
Her guns they did roar with such terrific power
That savages trembled at the dreadful sound.

The Lawrence sustained a most dreadful fire;
She fought three to one for two glasses and more;
While Perry, undaunted, did firmly stand by her,
The proud foe on her heavy broadsides did pour.

Her masts being shatter'd, her rigging all tatter'd,
    Her booms and her yards being all shot away,
And few left on deck to manage the wreck,
    Our hero on board her no longer could stay.

In this situation, the pride of our nation
    Sure Heaven had guarded unhurt all the while
While many a hero, maintaining his station,
    Fell close by his side and was thrown on the pile.
But mark you, and wonder, when elements thunder,
    When death and destruction are stalking all round,
His flag he did carry on board the Niagara;
    Such valor on record was never yet found.

There is one gallant act of our noble commander,
    While writing my song, I must notice with pride;
While launch'd in the boat that carried the standard,
    A ball whistled through her, just close to his side.
Says Perry, "The rascals intend for to drown us,
    But push on my brave boys, you never need fear!"
And with his own coat he then plugg'd up the boat,
    And away through the sulpur and smoke he did steer.

The famed Niagara, now, proud of her Perry,
    Display'd all her banners in gallant array;
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
    Which soon put an end to this bloody affray,
The rear of our fleet was brought up complete,
    The signal was given to break through the line;
While starboard and larboard, and from every quarter,
    The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The bold British Lion roar'd out his last thunder,
When Perry attacked him close in the rear;
Columbia's Eagle soon made him crouch under,
And roar out for quarter, as soon you shall hear.
O had you been there, I now do declare,
So gallant a sight you had nee'r seen before:
Six red bloody flags, that no longer could wag,
Were all laid at the feet of our brave Commodore.

Brave Elliot, whose valor must now be recorded,
On board the Niagara so well play'd his part,
His gallant afsistance to Perry afforded,
We'll place him the second on Lake Erie's chart.
In the midst of the battle, when guns they did rattle,
The Lawrence a wreck, and the men 'most all slain,
Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
And by this manœuvre the victory was gain'd.

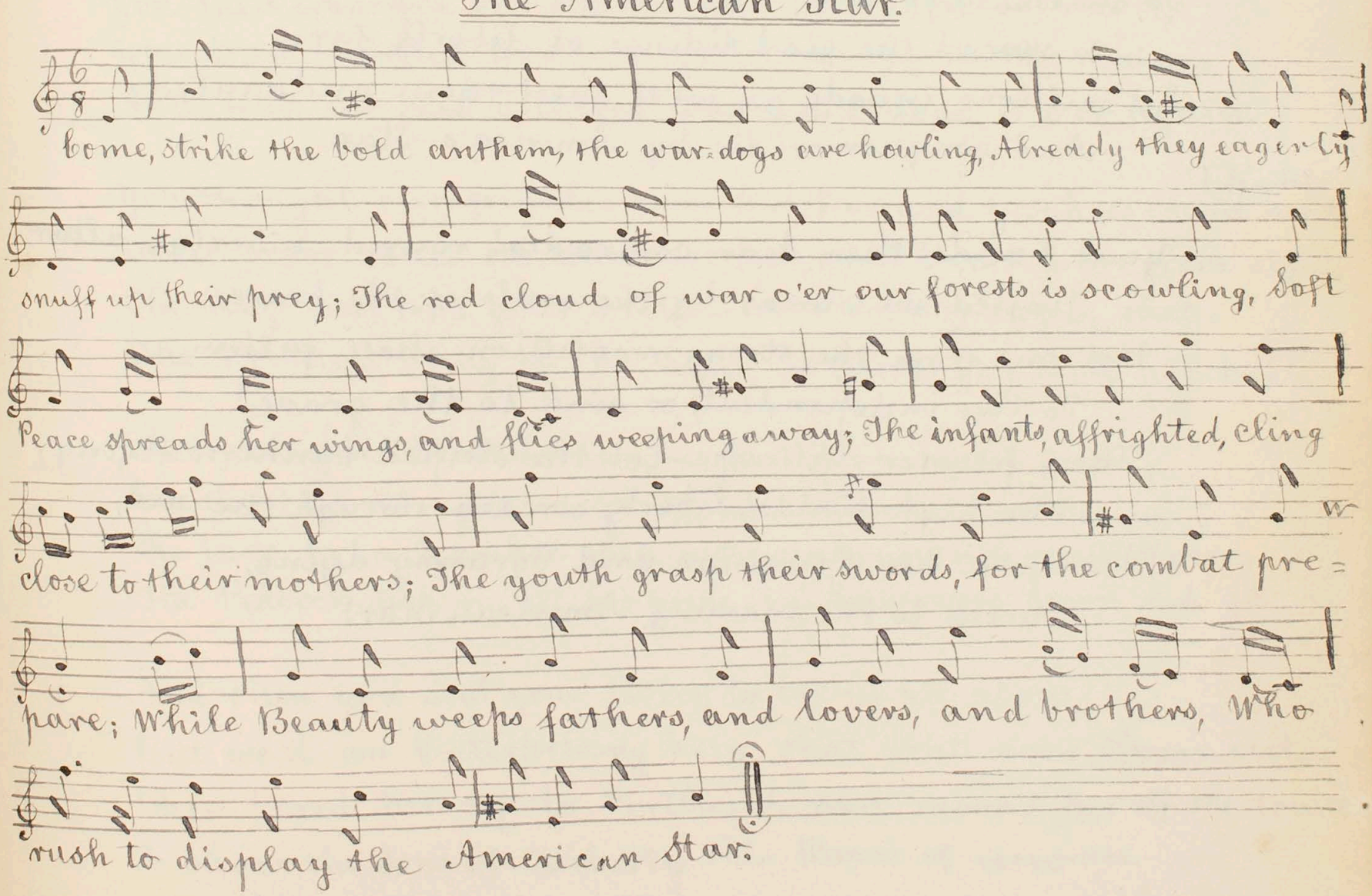
O had you but seen those two noble commanders
Embracing each other when conflict was o'er,
And viewing of those invincible standards
That never had yielded to any before!
Says Perry, "Brave Elliot, come, give me your hand, sir,—
This day you have gain'd an immortal renown;
So long as Columbia Lake Erie commands, sir,
Let brave Captain Elliot with laurels be crown'd."

Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
Her Rodneys, her Nelsons, and all the whole crew;
But none in their glory have told such a story,
Nor boasted such feats, as Columbians do.

The whole British fleet was captur'd complete,
Not one single vefsel from us got away;
And prisoners some hundreds, Columbians wonder'd
To see them all anchor'd and moor'd in our bay.

May Heaven still smile on the shades of our heroes
Who fought in the conflict their country to save,
And check the proud spirit of those murdering bravoes
That wish to divide us and make us all slaves.
Columbians sing, and make the woods ring;
We'll toast those brave heroes by sea and by land;
While Britons drink Sherry, Columbians drink Perry,—
We'll toast him about with full glafses in hand.

The American Star.

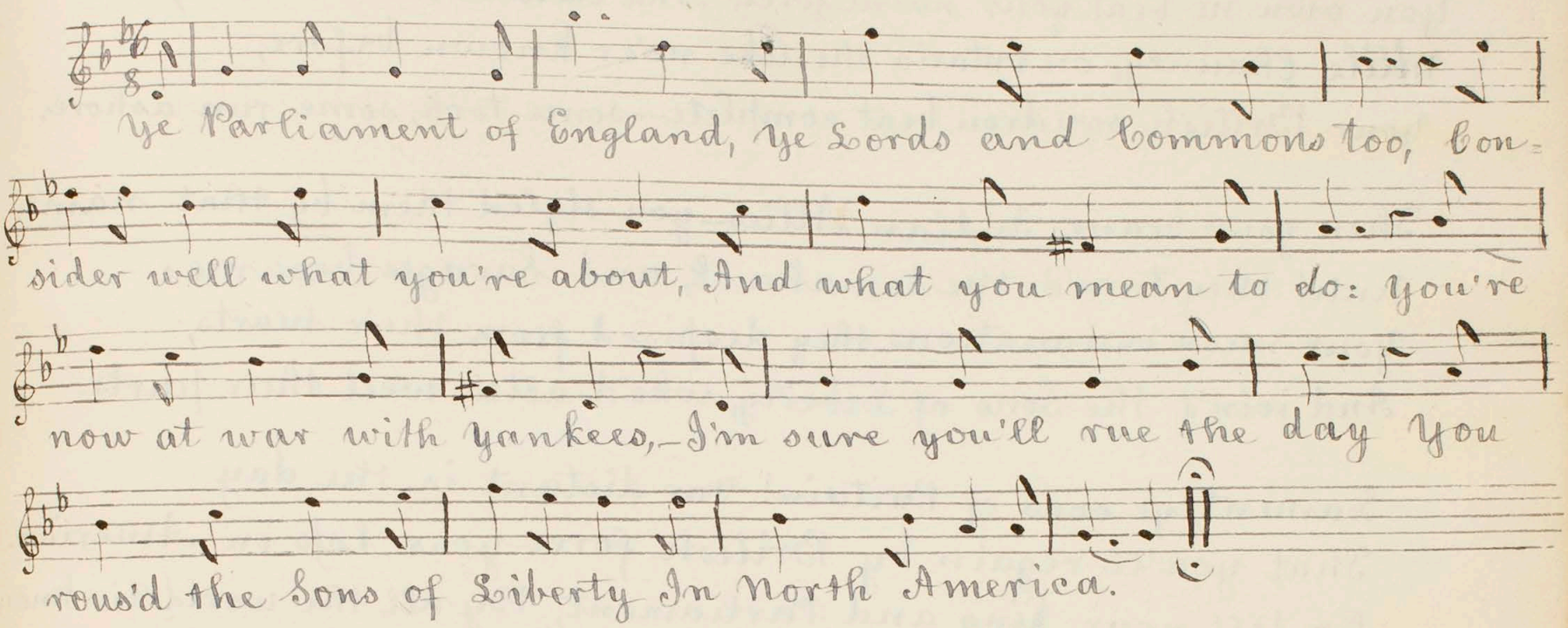


Come, blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear or faint doubtings be shaken,—
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore.
Shall Mothers, Wives, Daughters, and Sisters, left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair?
O, no; from her hills the proud Eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from their clouds, with bright aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,—
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been.
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of liberty far:
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die by America's Star.

Your hands then, dear comrades! round Liberty's altar,
United, we swear by the souls of the brave,
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter
To live independent, or sink to the grave!
Then, freemen, fill up,—lo! the striped banner's flying;
The high birds of liberty scream through the air;
Beneath her Oppression and Tyranny dying,
Success to the beaming American Star!

Parliament of England.



You first confin'd our commerce; you said our ships shan't trade;
You then impress'd our seamen, and used them as slaves;
You then insulted Rodgers, while cruising on the main,—
And had we not declared war, you'd done it o'er again.

You thought our frigates were but few, and Yankees could not [fight,
Until brave Hull the Guerriere took, and banish'd her from sight.
The Wasp next took your Frolic—we'll nothing say of that:
The Poictiers being of the Line, of course you took her back.

The next your Macedonian, no finer ship could swim;
Decatur took her gilt-work off, and then he sent her in.
The Java by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all must know:
The Peacock fine, in all her pride, by Lawrence down did go.

And then you sent your Boxer, to box us all about;
But we'd an Enterprising brig, that beat your Boxer out,—
Then boxed her up to Portland, and moor'd her off the town,
To show the Sons of Liberty this Boxer of renown.

And then upon Lake Erie, Where Perry had some fun,
You own he beat your naval force, And caused them to run;
While Chauncy, on Ontario, the like ne'er known before,
Your British squadron beat complete—some took, some run ashore.

Then your brave Indian Allies—you styled them by that name,
Until they turn'd the tomahawk, and Savages became:
Your mean insinuations they despised from their hearts,
And join'd the Sons of Liberty, who'd acted well their parts.

Lament, ye sons of Britain! Far distant is the day
That you'll regain by British force your lofs in America.
Go, tell your King and Parliament, By all the world 'tis known,
That British force, by sea and land, by Yankees is o'erthrown.

Use every endeavor, and try to make a peace,
For Yankee ships are building fast, Their navy to increase.
They will enforce their commerce: The law by Heaven was made,
That Yankee ships, in time of peace, to any port might trade.

Grant us free trade and commerce, do not impreſs our men,
Give up all claim to Canada, then we'll make peace again.
Then, England, we'll respect you, And treat you as a friend:
Respect our flag and citizens, and then this war shall end.

There's Rogers, in the President, will burn, sink, and destroy;
The Congreſs, on the Brazil coast, your commerce will annoy;
The Eſsex, in the South Sea, will put out all your lights,
The flag she wears at her mast-head—"Free Trade and
Sailor's Rights."